

THE New Model Selections

[SENIOR]

364

491



1167

MADRAS
THE INDIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE, LTD.

1936

THE
New Model Selections

[SENIOR]

491



MADRAS
THE INDIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE, LTD.

1936

Copyright]

[Re. 1-2-0

PREFACE

These selections have been compiled with a two-fold purpose – to improve the pupil's power of expression, and cultivate a sense of literary appreciation.

The excellence of the passages will in itself be a subtle, unconscious influence on the pupil. The passages are all from eminent writers ; they represent a wide range of form and subject-matter, and are enjoyable in themselves. The more carefully and frequently the pupil reads them, the more he will improve in expression and literary insight.

And by way of additional help, introductions, notes, exercises, and suggestions for collateral reading have been provided. The introductions are meant to secure a background, and arouse a human interest in the author and his work. The notes throw light on unfamiliar allusions or explain a phrase too abstruse for the pupil. The exercises lead the pupil, so to say, on to the writer's workshop to watch the author at work. Those on the prose passages follow a definite scheme : they cover vocabulary, subjects matter, grammar, and composition. But poetry, subtler and more elusive, does not lend itself to any such formal scheme of approach and study ; so the exercises direct the pupil's attention to the poet's ideas and feelings, to his imagery and play of words. Of the numerous kinds of

exercises that may be attempted in poetry, the following types have been set under one poem or other as the poem seemed to suggest : exercises on the theme and its development, on word-pictures, figures of speech, effect of verse form, and broad distinctions between different types of verse. We trust that this kind of work will be found both profitable and interesting, developing that sense of literary values which it is the aim of the book to promote.

Acknowledgments for the use of copyright material have been made separately, but here we thank all the authors and publishers for granting us the necessary permission, enabling us thereby to make the selections wider and more interesting than they would otherwise have been.

THE COMPILERS

CONTENTS

PROSE.

	PAGE
1. Cadmus And The Brindled Cow— <i>Hawthorne</i> ..	1
2. Washington Irving steps on English Soil— <i>Irving</i> ..	10
3. The Origin Of Roast Pork— <i>Lamb</i> ..	15
4. Hobbies— <i>Lynd</i> ..	21
5. The Air Route To India— <i>Sassoon</i> ..	26
6. The Half Brothers— <i>Mrs. Gaskell</i> ..	31
7. The Autobiography Of A Tortoise— <i>White</i> ..	39
8. How Far A Good Deed Goes ..	44
9. Rebecca At The Castle Tower— <i>Scott</i> ..	48
10. Lack Of Enterprise— <i>Twain</i> ..	54
11. Captain Cook, The Hero Of the Seas— <i>Mee</i> ..	58
12. A Camp In The Dark— <i>Stevenson</i> ..	69
13. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea ..	75
14. The Wreck— <i>Dickens</i> ..	87
15. Cowper Writes To Lady Hesketh ..	92
16. The Two Friends Of Syracuse— <i>Yonge</i> ..	95
17. The Junior League Of Nations— <i>Jinarajadasa</i> ..	101
18. Sir Patrick Geddes ..	106
19. The Gentleman— <i>Newman</i> ..	110
20. Abraham Lincoln At Gettysburg ..	111

POETRY.

	PAGE
1. Life May Perfect Be— <i>Jonson</i> ..	104
2. The Shipwreck— <i>Byron</i> ..	115
3. “Take No Thought For The Morrow”— <i>Rosetti</i> ..	118
4. The Forced Recruit— <i>Mrs. Browning</i> ..	120
5. The Palanquin-bearers— <i>Mrs. Naidu</i> ..	123
6. Ahab Mohammed— <i>Legare</i> ..	124
7. Loch Ine— <i>Anon</i> ..	126
8. Fidelity— <i>Wordsworth</i> ..	128
9. Men Of England— <i>Campbell</i> ..	131
10. The School-master— <i>Goldsmith</i> ..	134
11. Lead, Kindly Light— <i>Newman</i> ..	136
12. Alas! Alas For Celin!— <i>Lockhart</i> ..	137
13. West London— <i>Arnold</i> ..	140
14. Loss Of The Birkenhead— <i>Doyle</i> ..	142
15. Vision Of The Future— <i>Tennyson</i> ..	144
16. Iphigeneia's Appeal To Her Father— <i>Landor</i> ..	146
17. Blow, Bugle, Blow— <i>Tennyson</i> ..	150
18. How They Brought The Good News From Ghent To Aix— <i>Browning</i> ..	151
19. The Daffodils— <i>Wordsworth</i> ..	155
20. A Spray Of Western Pine— <i>Bret Harte</i> ..	157
21. To The Skylark— <i>Shelley</i> ..	160
22. On His Blindness— <i>Milton</i> ..	163
23. A Thing Of Beauty Is A Joy For Ever— <i>Keats</i> ..	164
24. Cardinal Wolsey On His Fall— <i>Shakespeare</i> ..	166

1. CADMUS AND THE BRINDLED COW

[**Introduction:** Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the famous American writers of last century—a little younger than Washington Irving and a college-mate and friend of Longfellow.

He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and when the time came for him to choose a calling he preferred to be a writer. But his early work was not popular, nor was authorship a paying profession then. So he occasionally took up state service and at one time rose to be the consul at Liverpool. After that his health began to fail and he died in 1864.

Though very often in service, Hawthorne never ceased to write, and has left behind him a few good novels and a collection of well-written stories—works which with age have gained in popularity and literary reputation.

The extract given below is an episode from Hawthorne's story called "The Dragon's Teeth".

King Agenor of Phoenicia and his wife, Queen Telephassa, had four pretty children—Cadmus, Phoenix and Cilix, the three boys and Europa the girl. Europa was so handsome that Jupiter, the chief of the Greek Gods, desired to take her to Olympus.

One day the children were at play in a meadow some distance away from their father's palace. The boys were chasing a butterfly, and Europa was gathering flowers, when Jupiter disguised as a snow-white bull came to Europa, tempted her to take a ride on his back and ran away with her across the sea.

All were dismayed, for no one knew that the bull was indeed Jupiter in disguise. But they all hoped that they could trace and recover Europa; so the mother and the three sons set out in search of her. It was a long though fruitless quest, and one by one they gave it up, leaving Cadmus alone to continue it. He then sought the advice of the Delphic oracle as to where he should go in search of his sister.]

“Sacred oracle of Delphi,” said he, “whither shall I go next in quest of my dear sister Europa?”

There was at first a deep silence, and then a rushing sound, or a noise like a long sigh, proceeding out of the interior of the earth. This cavity, you must know, was looked upon as a sort of fountain of truth, which sometimes gushed out in audible words; although, for the most part, these words were such a riddle that they might just as well have stayed at the bottom of the hole. But Cadmus was more fortunate than many others who went to Delphi in search of truth. By and by, the rushing noise began to sound like articulate language. It repeated, over and over again, the following sentence, which, after all, was so like the vague whistle of a blast of air, that Cadmus really did not quite know whether it meant anything or not.

“Seek her no more! Seek her no more! Seek her no more!”

“What, then, shall I do?” asked Cadmus.

For, ever since he was a child, you know, it had been the great object of his life to find his sister. From the very hour that he left following the butterfly in the meadow, near his father’s palace, he had done his best to follow Europa, over land and sea. And now, if he

must give up his search, he seemed to have no more business in the world.

But again the sighing gust of air grew into something like a hoarse voice.

“Follow the cow!” it said. “Follow the cow! Follow the cow!”

And when these words had been repeated until Cadmus was tired of hearing them (especially as he could not imagine what cow it was, or why he was to follow her), the gusty hole gave vent to another sentence.

“Where the stray cow lies down, there is your home.”

These words were pronounced but a single time, and died away into a whisper before Cadmus was fully satisfied that he had caught the meaning. He put another question, but received no answer; only the gust of wind sighed continually out of the cavity, and blew the withered leaves rustling along the ground before it.

“Did there really come any words out of the hole?” thought Cadmus; “or have I been dreaming all this while?”

He turned away from the oracle, and thought himself no wiser than when he came thither. Caring little what might happen to him, he took the first path that offered itself, and went along at a sluggish pace; for, having no object in view, nor any reason to go one way more than another, it would certainly have been foolish to make haste. Whenever he met anybody, the old question was at his tongue’s end:

“Have you seen a beautiful maiden dressed like a king’s daughter, and mounted on a snow-white bull that gallops as swiftly as the wind?”

But, remembering what the oracle had said, he only half uttered the words, and then mumbled the rest indistinctly: and, from his confusion, people must have imagined that this handsome young man had lost his wits.

I know not how far Cadmus had gone, nor could he himself have told you, when, at no great distance before him, he beheld the brindled cow. She was lying down by the wayside, and quietly chewing her cud; nor did she take any notice of the young man until he had approached pretty nigh. Then, getting leisurely upon her feet, and giving her head a gentle toss, she began to move along at a moderate pace, often pausing just long enough to crop a mouthful of grass. Cadmus loitered behind, whistling idly to himself, and scarcely noticing the cow, until the thought occurred to him whether this could possibly be the cow which, according to the oracle's response, was to serve him for a guide. But he smiled at himself for fancying such a thing. He could not seriously think that this was the cow, because she went along so quietly, behaving just like any other cow. Evidently she neither knew nor cared so much as a wisp of hay about Cadmus, and was only thinking how to get her living along the wayside where the herbage was green and fresh. Perhaps she was going home to be milked.

"Cow, cow, cow!" cried Cadmus. "Hey, Brindle, hey! Stop, my good cow."

He wanted to come up with the cow, so as to examine her, and see if she would appear to know him, or whether there were any peculiarities to distinguish her from a thousand other cows, whose only business is to fill the milk-pail, and sometimes kick it over. But still the brindled cow trudged on, whisking her tail to keep the

flies away, and taking as little notice of Cadmus as she well could. If he walked slowly, so did the cow, and seized the opportunity to graze. If he quickened his pace, the cow went just so much the faster; and once, when Cadmus tried to catch her by running, she threw out her heels, stuck her tail straight on end, and set off at a gallop, looking as queerly as cows generally do while putting themselves to their speed.

When Cadmus saw that it was impossible to come up with her, he walked on moderately, as before. The cow, too, went leisurely on, without looking behind. Wherever the grass was greenest, there she nibbled a mouthful or two. Where a brook glistened brightly across the path, there the cow drank, and breathed a comfortable sigh, and drank again, and trudged onwards at the pace that best suited herself and Cadmus.

"I do believe," thought Cadmus, "that this may be the cow that was foretold me. If it be the one. I suppose she will lie down somewhere hereabouts."

Whether it were the oracular cow or some other one, it did not seem reasonable that she should travel a great way farther. So, whenever they reached a particularly pleasant spot on a breezy hill-side, or in a sheltered vale, or flowery meadow, on the shore of a calm lake, or along the bank of a clear stream, Cadmus looked eagerly around to see if the situation would suit him for a home. But still, whether he liked the place or no, the brindled cow never offered to lie down. On she went at the quiet pace of a cow going homeward to the barn yard; and every moment Cadmus expected to see a milkmaid approaching with a pail, or a herdsman running to head the stray animal, and turn her back towards the pasture. But no milkmaid came; no herdsman drove her back; and Cadmus followed the stray brindle till he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue.

“O brindled cow,” cried he, in a tone of despair, “do you never mean to stop?”

He had now grown too intent on following her to think of lagging behind, however long the way, and whatever might be his fatigue. Indeed, it seemed as if there were something about the animal that bewitched people. Several persons who happened to see the brindled cow, and Cadmus following behind, began to trudge after her, precisely as he did. Cadmus was glad of somebody to converse with, and therefore talked very freely to these good people. He told them all his adventures, and how he had left King Agenor in his palace, and Phoenix at one place, and Cilix at another, and Thasus at a third, and his dear mother, Queen Telephassa, under a flowery sod; so that now he was quite alone, both friendless and homeless. He mentioned, likewise, that the oracle had bidden him be guided by a cow, and inquired of the strangers whether they supposed that this brindled animal could be the one.

“Why, ’tis a very wonderful affair,” answered one of his new companions. “I am pretty well acquainted with the ways of cattle, and I never knew a cow, of her own accord, to go so far without stopping. If my legs will let me, I’ll never leave following the beast till she lies down.”

“Nor I!” said a second.

“Nor I!” cried a third. “If she goes a hundred miles farther, I’m determined to see the end of it.”

The secret of it was, you must know, that the cow was an enchanted cow, and that, without their being conscious of it, she threw some of her enchantment over everybody that took so much as half a dozen steps behind her. They could not possibly help following her, though all the time they fancied themselves doing it of

their own accord. The cow was by no means very nice in choosing her path; so that sometimes they had to scramble over rocks, or wade through mud and mire, and all were in a terribly bedraggled condition, and tired to death, and very hungry, in the bargain. What a weary business it was!

But still they kept trudging stoutly forward, and talking as they went. The strangers grew very fond of Cadmus, and resolved never to leave him, but to help him build a city wherever the cow might lie down. In the centre of it there should be a noble palace, in which Cadmus might dwell, and be their king, with a throne, a crown, and a sceptre, a purple robe, and everything else that a king ought to have; for in him there was the royal blood, and the royal heart, and the head that knew how to rule.

While they were talking of these schemes, and beguiling the tediousness of the way with laying out the plan of the new city, one of the company happened to look at the cow.

“Joy! Joy!” cried he, clapping his hands. “Brindle is going to lie down.”

They all looked; and, sure enough, the cow had stopped, and was staring leisurely about her, as other cows do when on the point of lying down. And slowly, slowly did she recline herself on the soft grass, first bending her fore-legs, and then crouching her hind ones. When Cadmus and his companions came up with her, there was the brindled cow taking her ease, chewing her cud, and looking them quietly in the face; as if this was just the spot she had been seeking for, and as if it were all a matter of course.

“This, then,” said Cadmus, gazing around him, “this is to be my home.”

It was a fertile and lovely plain, with great trees flinging their sun-speckled shadows over it, and hills fencing it in from the rough weather. At no great distance they beheld a river gleaming in the sunshine. A home feeling stole into the heart of poor Cadmus. He was very glad to know that here he might awake in the morning, without the necessity of putting on his dusty sandals to travel farther and farther. The days and the years would pass over him, and find him still in this pleasant spot. If he could have had his brothers with him, and his friend Thasus, and could have seen his dear mother under a roof of his own, he might here have been happy, after all their disappointments. Some day or other, too, his sister Europa might have come quietly to the door of his home, and smiled round upon the familiar faces. But, indeed, since there was no hope of regaining the friends of his boyhood, or ever seeing his dear sister again, Cadmus resolved to make himself happy with these new companions who had grown so fond of him while following the cow.

“Yes, my friends,” said he to them, “this is to be our home. Here we will build our habitations. The brindled cow, which has led us thither, will supply us with milk. We will cultivate the neighbouring soil, and lead an innocent and happy life.”

Nathaniel Hawthorne: TANGLEWOOD TALES

Notes: 1. The Delphic Oracle:—The famous oracle of Apollo at Delphi, a town in Central Greece.

2. These words were such a riddle etc—One famous example of such a riddle is the answer, “The Greeks the Romans shall conquer”, given when the Greeks consulted the Oracle on the result of the Roman invasion of Greece. The answer is equivocal and left the Greeks no wiser than before.

Questions:

A. 1. Use the following words and expressions in sentences of your own:—by and by; be conscious of; of one's own accord; by no means; in the bargain; do one's best.

2. Nor cared so much as a wisp of hay—How is this more appropriate here than “did not care a pin?”

3. Which is better—“whisked her tail” or “whipped her tail”?

4. Give a simple word to express the sense of each of the following:—

(a) to go along at a sluggish pace (b) to come up with (c) to make haste (d) to speak indistinctly.

B. 1. What did the Oracle ask Cadmus to do?

2. Did he act upon the advice?

3. Why did other people besides Cadmus follow the cow?

4. Where did the cow lead them?

5. What did Cadmus and his companions decide to do when the cow finally lay down?

C. 1. If it be the one, I suppose....What mood is ‘be’?

2. Whether it were the oracular cow or some other one—Explain the force of ‘were’.

3. Parse ‘other’ in the clause above. Omit the word “one”; then what part of speech would “other” be?

4. Combine the following sets of sentences into one sentence each:—

a. The cow too went leisurely on. She did not look behind.

b. It was impossible to come up with it. That Cadmus saw. So he walked on moderately. He had walked as moderately before.

c. There was no hope of regaining the friends of his boyhood. There was no hope either of seeing his sister again. So Cadmus resolved to make himself happy with these new companions. They had grown so fond of him.

D. 1. What is the main incident in the story?

2. What are the incidents preliminary to, and resulting from, the main incident?

3. Have the incidents a proper sequence?

4. Do you feel you are passing from one incident to another sufficiently quickly, or are you held up in the middle?

5. Reproduce the story.

Library Work:

Hawthorne:—TANGLEWOOD TALES

2. WASHINGTON IRVING STEPS ON ENGLISH SOIL

[Introduction:] *Washington Irving, like Hawthorne a little later on, was one of the American writers of last century, and not the least distinguished among them.*

He was born in 1783, and, finishing his school and college course, he took a trip to Europe chiefly to recover his health. A stay of two years there restored him considerably.

After his return to America in 1806 till his death in 1859 he was occupied partly in literary work and partly in special appointments under the United States Government.

His first literary undertaking was the editing of a paper in 1806. Later on he interested himself in history and biography. He wrote 'The Conquest of Granada', and lives of Columbus, Goldsmith and Washington. But he is chiefly remembered for his fanciful tales and his Sketch Book.

It is from this Sketch Book of his that the extract given below has been selected. It records his impressions as his ship sailed into the Liverpool harbour.]

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds;—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eyes dwelt with delight on neat cottages with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers-on; others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him.

by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship, as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his mess-mates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read, at once, a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle; the meeting of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

—*Washington Irving: THE SKETCH-BOOK*

Questions:

A. I. a. Her eye hurried over the ship to catch some wished-for countenance.

“Wished-for” is a word coined for the occasion. Find out the other words like it in the passage. What other words do you know?

b. Compare: ‘He took to his bed’ and ‘He took to cricket’. Is the sense of ‘take to’ the same? Point out other contexts where ‘take to’ may be appropriately used.

II. Fill in the blanks in the following passage using the words and expressions given here:—experienced; the land of promise; thrilled; in sight of; reconnoitred; associations; intense; characteristic; delight; trim; mouldering.

When I set out on my first voyage to England my heart—with a joy that I had not so far—. For England was to me—, teeming with pleasant—that had gathered around the name since my childhood. As I came—land, I—the English shores with a telescope, and saw with—innumerable objects of—interest: the hills and headlands, the—ruins of an ancient abbey, and the neat little cottages standing amidst their—shrubberies and green grass plots which are all so—of the west coast of England.

B. I. Explain with reference to the context:—

1. There is a volume of associations with the very name.
2. Even the eye of affection did not recognise him.
3. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

II. 1. Why did Irving feel so happy on his first voyage to Europe?

2. What are the characteristic sights of the west coast of England?

3. How does Irving describe the merchant to whom the ship was consigned?

4. Describe the meeting of the sick sailor and his wife.

5. How did the crew treat the sailor?

C. 1. Parse the italicised words in the following:—

He had been ill all the *voyage*.

All were objects of intense interest.

She seemed *disappointed* and *agitated*.

2. Combine into a single sentence:—

a. We sailed up the Mersey. I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. (Use 'as')

b. The tide and wind were favourable. The ship was therefore enabled to come at once to the pier. (Use "so....that")

c. The weather was fine. Then his mess-mates had spread a mattress for him on the deck in the shade. But of late his illness had increased. So he had taken to his hammock. And he breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. (As you think best)

d. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey. It was over-run with ivy. I also saw the tapering spire of a village church. It rose from the brow of a neighbouring hill. All were characteristic of England. (As you think best)

D. Describe:—

1. A visit to a museum.

2. A pilgrimage to a sacred place.

Hints:

Do not make your description a mere list of things seen. Observe Irving's method. Every object he

refers to is described in some detail and with some feeling. He not merely sees the cottages, but sees "*with delight the neat cottages with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots.*" So the description becomes a word-picture.]

Library Work:

Irving: THE SKETCH-BOOK

3. THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PORK

[**Introduction:** *The name of Charles Lamb reminds one of the Tales from Shakespeare, the Essays of Elia, and the Adventures of Ulysses. Lamb is remembered to-day for his writings, but he never set out to make a living out of authorship. He was a city clerk from the age of fourteen and remained such till he retired in 1825 after what he called a "thirty-three years' slavery."*

His home life, too, was never happy but, judged by normal standards, uncondusive to literary work. He was born in London in 1775. His father was a barrister's clerk, a poor man, with six other children. His sister Mary, as she grew up, had occasional fits of violent madness, and to keep her out of an asylum Charles agreed to be her guardian—a duty which he fulfilled to the end of his life in 1834.

Literature, then, was partly a distraction for Lamb from the weariness at home, and partly a means to supplement his modest income. But Lamb loved the work, and his talents have made it live.

The story of the Roast Pig given below is one of the many delightful Essays of Elia.]

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast

for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time over-flowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surren-

dering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you ! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say ?”

“O father, the pig! the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste, O Lord !” with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when

the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who would think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize-town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all these facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was

dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very signs of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus the custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

—*Charles Lamb: ESSAYS OF ELIA*

Questions:

A. 1. The long rolling words freely used in this essay are deliberately chosen to heighten its humour: *e.g.*, designate, conflagration, consternation, retributory cudgel etc., Point out a few other mock pompous words in the story.

2. Inconsiderable, iniquity—what does the prefix 'in' mean? Give two other words with the same prefix used in the same sense.

3. Make sentences using these phrases:—take wing; shut up shop; lay on; fall to.

B. 1. What was Bo-bo's favourite pastime?

2. How did he set fire to his house?

3. How did he come to taste roast pork?
4. How came the father to taste it?
5. What was the offence for which Ho-ti and Bo-bo were charged?
6. Why were they let off?

C. 1. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Has this sentence a finite verb? How do you justify this usage? Construct two other sentences where the finite verb does not seem quite necessary.

2. Is it not *enough* that you have burnt *me* down three houses? Parse the italicised words.

3. Classify the following sentences into Simple, Complex, Double and Multiple:

(a) The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror.

(b) He cursed himself that ever he should beget a son like Bo-bo.

(c) He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pigs.

(d) Bo-bo whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti.

(e) Analyse *b*, *c* and *d* into clauses.

D. Lamb gives here a very fanciful account of how man first learnt to cook his food. There is possibly some little truth in his explanation; but he wants it to be not scientific, but humorous, and makes it so by means of the names, the characters, the minor details like the court scene, and his language in general—all with a whimsical turn about them. On similar lines write on:—

1. How man built his first hut.
2. How man made his first pot.

4. HOBBIES

[**Introduction:** *"Hobbies" is a delightful essay contributed by Robert Lynd to the "New Statesman and Nation" after the Hobbies Exhibition in England. He is a contemporary writer whose touches give the lighter essay a colour and charm all its own.*]

Collecting stamps was the first real hobby that I pursued with some hope of being a success at it. Granted patience, one could aspire in time to possess all but the rarest specimens. The world of postage stamps was then a comparatively small place, and one could dream without folly of collecting most of the stamps that had been issued. Even here, however, I lacked persistence. I did not think that I could ever lose my love of Guatemala, but none the less it faded. I could have sworn that I would never become indifferent to the swan of Western Australia, but that swan has been nothing to me for nearly two-score years. There was a time when I could have said, and have believed, that I was speaking the truth, that you would find "Montserrat" written on my heart when I died, but I care as little for Montserrat to-day as for Ecuador, Barbados, Egypt, the ever-beloved Cape of Good Hope—so far as I am concerned they are all vanished into thin air. It is nearly four-fifths of a life-time since my heart quickened at the mention of Gambia. How the change came I know not, but a passion suddenly went out like a straw fire.

Gardening, I think, succeeded it. I had an uncle who was a mighty gardener, and he infected me. He had a large garden in the country, however, whereas we had only a small grassplot—temporarily, at least. I dug at it fiercely with a spade, and thrust raspberry shoots into its mutilated bosom. The plants were from an ancient stock that had been barren for generations—generations, not of mankind, but of raspberries—and no raspberry

ever grew on them under my care. Through the spring and summer they gave my ill-dug patch the appearance of a waste land doomed to perpetual sterility. Undaunted, however, I dug into the soil of other parts of the garden and created flower-beds which my relations complained looked like infants' graves. They, too, added to the gloom of the place, though I scattered the seeds of nemophila, candytuft, alyssum, and nasturtium liberally beneath the surface of the uneven earth. Seldom did I go into the town without making for the horticultural shop and purchasing some of those tiny parcels of dreams that contain flower-seeds within, and bear on their faces the picture of the perfect flowers into which those seeds will one day grow. I fear I have not the sowing hand, however, for the flowers that grew in my beds were few and those few were as shabby as weeds.

I abandoned this hobby, after a professional gardener had been called in to put the garden to right. But I sometimes wonder whether my passion for gardening is not dormant, rather than dead. During the war, when every stay-at-home had a spade, I dug with the old enthusiasm and assisted in the partial sterilisation of a considerable patch of garden by bringing the sub-soil too successfully to the surface. Still, I did experience the delight of eating potatoes of my own growing. They were of a soapy texture, but it is only now, after the passage of years, that I would admit this. Those were days in which I could almost admire a vegetable-marrow, merely because I had nursed it into life myself. There is nothing like gardening for ministering to human vanity. I have seldom known a gardener who was at heart a modest man. Even I, who was a very bad gardener, have experienced moments of elation such as ought to be the lot of only a man who has accomplished great and immortal work.

As for my other hobbies, most of them have been of even shorter duration than my stamp-collecting and my

gardening. I have had brief spells as a solver of cross-word puzzles; but I have none of the singleness of purpose that goes to the making of the real artist in the solution of cross-words.

As for patience and such means of passing the time, I never could make head or tail of them. There are card games that I have enjoyed, but I never enjoyed them enough to make a hobby of them. At chess, again, I shall be a beginner all my life, as I shall at golf. If I lived in a nursery I should play these games with children, who are my equals at them, but I cannot make a hobby of any of them in a world of men.

The truth is, I am one of the few people—though many look on us as the majority—who would rather look on at a game than take part in it. If I had the time I could easily sit through a Rugby football match every Saturday during the winter, and, though county cricket has intervals of tedium unknown to Rugby football, I should feel happy enough in a seat at Lord's on any fine afternoon during the summer. Perhaps if gardening involved as little effort as watching a game I should not have abandoned it so readily. I love to take part in the strenuous life, however, not personally, but by proxy; and, while I would walk a mile to avoid being energetic myself, I would walk two miles to see other people being energetic.

Still, if I had time—and, alas, no indolent man ever has time—I fancy most of it would be spent in staring at birds. I do not know why the first sight of a black redstart should seem so exciting an event as to remain in the memory of a serious and over-taxed man for ever, or why the courtship of grebes should afford him such incomparable delight. But, if I had money, I should almost certainly travel from place to place till I had seen, and seen again, every bird in these islands. And then I should probably begin all over again, and keep on

doing so till either I or the birds died. That, I suppose, must be my real hobby, or would be if I had the time to indulge in it.

—ROBERT LYND

Reprinted from "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION" by kind permission of the author.

Notes: 1. Guatemala etc.—The names of countries given here refer to the stamps issued by them. These stamps are both rare and artistic. Some bear the portraits of famous men, and others the pictures of animals or of beautiful natural scenery.

2. Lord's—the well-known cricket ground in England

Questions:

A. Make sentences using:—
make for; singleness of purpose; put to right; aspire;
vanish into thin air; make neither head nor tail.

B. 1. Why did the writer fail at stamp collecting?

2. In what spirit did he pursue gardening? Why did he give it up?

3. What was the chief defect in his character that the writer confesses to?

Explain with reference to the context:—

1. There is nothing like gardening for ministering to human vanity.

2. I love to take part in the strenuous life, however, not personally, but by proxy.

C. 1. Supply suitable forms of the following verbs in the blanks:—

lack; shall; mark; go.

If I had not — the persistence, I do not think I -- have lost my interest in this hobby so suddenly. As it was, however, the passion that had once — my pursuit, — out like a straw fire.

2. Analyse into clauses:—

(a) Undaunted, however, I dug into the soil of other parts of the garden and created flower beds which my relations complained looked like infants' graves.

(b) Even I, who was a very bad gardener, have experienced moments of elation such as ought to be the lot of only a man who has accomplished great and immortal work.

(c) I have had brief spells as a solver of cross-word puzzles; but I have none of the singleness of purpose that goes to the making of the real artist in the solution of cross-words.

D. Write an essay on your own attempts at:—

1. Gardening 2. Fret-work or 3. Carpentry.

Hints: 1. Begin the essay directly. See how Lynd begins: "Collecting stamps was the first real hobby that I pursued."

2. In developing the subject, especially in illustrating a point, do not stray away from the subject and lose sight of it. The difference between Rugby foot-ball and cricket, for example, is brought out so briefly.

3. Conclude in a way so as to sum up the subject but do not repeat yourself.

5. THE AIR ROUTE TO INDIA

[Introduction: Until man saw a flying machine whirring over his head, he was hardly prepared to believe that he could fly at all, and much less control his flight. There was the story of an ancient King of Persia of how he tried to reach the glorious land of the sun and came to grief through his mad adventure, and till recently it was considered impossible, even ridiculous, that man could travel in the air as he could travel on land and water. The flying machine, then, is nothing short of a miracle.

This seeming miracle is mainly the result of the progress of science. Men never entirely abandoned the attempt to fly, mad as it looked. First were tried the hot air and hydrogen balloons; and then came numerous developments in the manufacture of light alloys and advances also in the manufacture of machinery; and the first aeroplane was invented by the Wright Brothers in 1903.

The model designed in 1903 was so much improved upon that long distance flights became possible. The first memorable flight was Col. Lindberg's across the Atlantic from New York to Paris in 1927, and since then others have beaten his record both in speed and distance.

The position in aviation as it appeared some five years ago on the England-India route and the improvements that were immediately possible then are clearly set out in the passage given below. The writer, Sir Philip Sassoon, is an air enthusiast himself, and a cabinet minister in charge of aviation.]

One cannot yet fly to India inside of a week, though that will come one day. Meanwhile any one who can afford a month's holiday can already, at no more expense

than may easily be incurred in the course of a month's cruise in the Mediterranean, spend half of the holiday in India and the whole of it most enjoyably.

Go down to Croydon on a Saturday morning. The trip to Paris has long ceased to be an adventure, and will be taken, in all probability, in company with several fellow-passengers who are accustomed to travel to Paris and back by air many times in the course of a year. More than one of them is quite likely to accompany you as far as Basel, where there will be a descent to earth to take the train to Genoa. But that is justified, for night flying is still in the future and the route across the Alps is not a promising one for night flying in any case. It is better to go under than over, and it is no bad thing to go to sleep in Switzerland and wake up in Italy.

From Genoa the real journey starts, and a sense of adventure is reasonable and proper. The short Calcutta Flying-boat waits to take you 1,800 miles on your journey; down the coast of Italy and across to Athens, thence along the northern coast of Africa to Alexandria and Egypt. If you would find it the most delightful part of a wholly delightful journey, I for one shall not be surprised.

If you have not travelled before in a flying-boat you will be astonished to find what an advance in comfort it represents even over the big London to Paris-air-liners. It is as roomy as they are, the petrol is all carried outside the hull, and the engines and the noise are all away up above one's head. Noise is the one drawback to flying, though one gets used to it more easily than is expected. In a big flying-boat after a very little while one scarcely notices the noise. Then there is the sense of security due to the knowledge that the boat takes its aerodrome along with it. If anything should chance to go wrong with the engines it is almost always possible to alight safely and easily on the sea.

When you change back into a land machine at Alexandria you will still have a most interesting, if very different, experience before you. Farther on your way, when you have passed the holy cities of Palestine, when you have passed beyond the Jordan and embarked upon the long desert-route to Baghdad, you will see etched upon the rocky surface of a wilderness of basalt the outlines of older and stranger encampments whose secrets still await the pick and spade.

Baghdad is not yet a tourist centre, but its fate is already written. It will inevitably become one very soon. Both in climate and archaeological interest it rivals, if it does not surpass, Egypt. It is no further off to-day than was Egypt in pre-War years. It is now a natural port of call on the air highway to the Far East. If you decide to stop there and go on to India by the following week's machine, you will be doing what many others will do before many years are gone, and you will find the week well spent. Both north and south of Baghdad, at Samarra and Babylon, at Ur and Nineveh, there are a thousand things to see.

Of Babylon and Ur you get a glimpse from the air as you go on your way to India. You will pass over the innumerable date palms of Basrah and startle the pelicans from the head waters of the Persian Gulf. To traverse the savage coastline of the Persian Gulf and of Persian Baluchistan will soon be an undertaking much less dangerous than crossing the one way traffic at the foot of the Haymarket. The spell which lies upon Jask will have been lifted.

Seven and a half days have brought you to Karachi. Seven and a half days will take you back to London. You have a fortnight for sightseeing in India. When you get back home you will feel that you have been sightseeing, not for a fortnight only, but for a solid month, and that the first and last weeks of your trip have not been the least interesting or the least restful.

The journey will not always take seven days. The present service is still largely an experimental one and is capable of much improvement. It is possible that the route itself will be modified and shortened. Better ground organization will not only add to the comfort and safety of passengers, but will make night-flying possible for those to whom time is all important. Machines will be larger and faster. A cruising speed of 150 miles an hour is already fully practicable, if it can be made financially sound. Then there is the airship, which, if slower, travels like a steamship day and night. But the airship is another story.

—SIR PHILIP SASSOON.

Reprinted from "THE TIMES INDIA NUMBER" by kind permission of the Times Publishing Company, Ltd., London.

Notes: 1. The pick and the spade—figuratively used for the excavations of the buried ruins of the past.

2. Samarra, Babylon, Ur, Nineveh—famous cities of ancient times, now in ruins.

Questions:

A. Some of the words used in speaking of aviation are: flying-boat, aerodrome, pilot. Give six other words used in this connection.

B. 1. "The trip to Paris has long ceased to be an adventure." Why?

2. Why is it necessary to travel by train from Basel to Genoa?

3. The journey by a flying-boat from Genoa to Alexandria is "the most delightful part of a wholly-delightful journey." Why?

4. Describe the air journey from Baghdad to Karachi.

C. I. Analyse the following sentences into clauses, and give the nature and construction of each clause:—

1. More than one of them is quite likely to accompany you as far as Basel, where there will be a descent to earth to take the train to Genoa.

2. If you have not travelled before in a flying-boat you will be astonished to find what an advance in comfort it represents even over the big London-to-Paris airliners.

3. It is as roomy as they are, the petrol is all carried outside the hull, and the engines and the noise are all away up above one's head.

4. Farther on your way, when you have passed the holy cities of Palestine, when you have passed beyond the Jordan and embarked upon the long desert-route to Baghdad, you will see etched upon the rocky surface of a wilderness of basalt the out-lines of older and stranger encampments whose secrets still await the pick and spade.

II. Give the detailed analysis of the sentences in I.

D. 1. Write an imaginary account of a voyage by boat from Bombay to London.

2. Describe a railway journey that you have made.

3. Which mode of travel do you prefer—by air, land or water?

4. Read an account of Lindberg's flight from New York to Paris, and describe it in your own words.

Library Work:

1. Archer Wallace: *ADVENTURES IN AIR*

2. G. G. Jackson: *ALL ABOUT AEROPLANES.*

6. THE HALF-BROTHERS

[Introduction: Mrs. Gaskell (1810-1865) is a woman novelist of the early Victorian age. She was the daughter of a clergyman, William Stevenson, and married a clergyman, and husband and wife settled down in Manchester.

Here she noticed the severe distress arising from the Industrial Revolution and was moved to write two novels, "Mary Barton" and "South and North", with the industrial conditions as a setting. But her quiet sense of humour showed itself in 'Cranford', which has become the most famous of her novels. Her "Life of Charlotte Bronte" is another book that will survive.

The extract given below is a pathetic story by Mrs. Gaskell.

Farmer Preston had married a widow who had, by her first husband, a son named Gregory. Preston loved his wife tenderly but had no love for his stepson. Mrs. Preston died in giving birth to a child, but Gregory had nowhere to go and continued to live with Preston.

The story begins a few years later, when young Preston, Gregory's half-brother, is a fairly old boy.]

One winter-time, when I was about sixteen, and Gregory nineteen, I was sent by my father on an errand to a place about seven miles distant by the road, but only about four by the Fells. He bade me return by the road whichever way I took in going, for the evenings closed in early, and were often thick and misty; besides which, old Adam, now paralytic and bed-ridden, foretold a downfall of snow before long. I soon got to my journey's end, and soon had done my business; earlier by an hour, I thought, than my father had expected; so I took the decision of the way by which I would return into my own hands, and set off back again over the Fells, just as the first shades of the evening began

to fall. It looked dark and gloomy enough; but everything was so still that I thought I should have plenty of time to get home before the snow came down. Off I set at a pretty quick pace. But night came on quicker. The right path was clear enough in the daytime, although at several points two or three exactly similar diverged from the same place; but when there was a good light, the traveller was guided by the sight of distant objects,—a piece of rock,—a fall in the ground—which were quite invisible to me now. I plucked up a brave heart, however, and took what seemed to me the right road. It was wrong, nevertheless, and led me whither I knew not, but to some wild boggy moor where the solitude seemed painful, intense, as if never footfall of man had come thither to break the silence. I tried to shout—with the dimmest possible hope of being heard—rather to reassure myself by the sound of my own voice; but my voice came husky and short, and yet it dismayed me; it seemed so weird and strange, in that noiseless expanse of black darkness. Suddenly the air was filled thick with dusky flakes, my face and hands were wet with snow. It cut me off from the slightest knowledge of where I was, for I lost every idea of the direction from which I had come, so that I could even retrace my steps; it hemmed me in, thicker, thicker, with a darkness that might be felt. The boggy soil on which I stood quaked under me if I remained long in one place, and yet I dared not move far. All my youthful hardiness seemed to leave me at once. I was on the point of crying, and only very shame seemed to keep it down. To save myself from shedding tears, I shouted—terrible, wild shouts for bare life they were. I turned sick as I paused to listen; no answering sound came but the unfeeling echoes. Only the noiseless, pitiless, snow kept falling thicker, thicker—faster, faster! I was growing numb and sleepy.

In a pang of agony, I gathered up my strength and called out once more, a long, despairing, wailing cry, to

which I had no hope of obtaining any answer, save from the echoes around, dulled as the sound might be by the thickened air. To my surprise I heard a cry—almost as long, as wild as mine—so wild, that it seemed unearthly, and I almost thought it must be the voice of some of the mocking spirits of the Fells, about whom I had heard so many tales. My heart suddenly began to beat fast and loud. I could not reply for a minute or two. I nearly fancied I had lost the power of utterance. Just at this moment a dog barked. Was it Lassie's bark—my brother's collie?—an ugly enough brute, with a white, ill-looking face, that my father always kicked whenever he saw it, partly for its own demerits, partly because it belonged to my brother.

Yes! there again! It was Lassie' bark! Now or never! I lifted up my voice and shouted "Lassie! Lassie! For God's sake, Lassie!" Another moment, and the great white-faced Lassie was curving and gambolling with delight round my feet and legs, looking, however, up in my face with her intelligent, apprehensive eyes, as if fearing lest I might greet her with a blow, as I had done oftentimes before. But I cried with gladness, as I stooped down and patted her. My mind was sharing in my body's weakness, and I could not reason, but I knew that help was at hand. A grey figure came more and more distinctly out of the thick, close-pressing darkness. It was Gregory wrapped in his maud.

"Oh, Gregory!" said I, and fell upon his neck, unable to speak another word. He never spoke much, and made me no answer for some little time. Then he told me we must move, we must walk for the dear life—we must find our road home, if possible; but we must move, or we should be frozen to death.

"Don't you know the way home?" asked I.

"I thought I did when I set out, but I am doubtful now. The snow blinds me, and I am afraid that in moving about just now, I have lost the right way homewards."

He had his shepherd's staff with him, and by dint of plunging it before us at every step we took—clinging close to each other, we went on safely enough, as far as not falling down any of the steep rocks, but it was slow, dreary work. My brother, I saw, was more guided by Lassie and the way she took than anything else, trusting to her instinct. It was too dark to see far before us; but he called her back continually, and noted from what quarter she returned, and shaped our slow steps accordingly. But the tedious motion scarcely kept my very blood from freezing. Every bone, every fibre in my body seemed first to ache, and then to swell, and then to turn numb with the intense cold. My brother bore it better than I, from having been more out upon the hills. He did not speak, except to call Lassie. I strove to be brave, and not complain; but now I felt the deadly fatal sleep stealing over me.

"I can go no farther," I said, in a drowsy tone. I remember I suddenly became dogged and resolved. Sleep I would, were it only for five minutes. If death were to be the consequence, sleep I would. Gregory stood still. I suppose, he recognised the peculiar phase of suffering to which I had been brought by the cold.

"It is of no use," said he, as if to himself. "We are no nearer home than we were when we started, as far as I can tell. Our only chance is in Lassie. Here! roll thee in my maud, lad, and lay thee down on this sheltered side of this bit of rock. Creep close under it, lad, and I'll lie by thee, and strive to keep the warmth in us. Stay! hast gotten aught about thee they'll know at home?"

491

I felt him unkind thus to keep me from slumber, but on his repeating the question, I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, of some showy pattern, which Aunt Fanny had hemmed for me—Gregory took it, and tied it round Lassie's neck.

"Hie thee, Lassie, hie thee home!" And the white-faced ill-favoured brute was off like a shot in the darkness. Now I might lie down—now I might sleep. In my drowsy stupor I felt that I was being tenderly covered up by my brother; but what with I neither knew nor cared—I was too dull, too selfish, too numb to think and reason, or I might have known that in that bleak bare place there was naught to wrap me in, save what was taken off another. I was glad enough when he ceased his cares and lay down by me. I took his hand.

"Thou canst not remember, lad, how we lay together thus by our dying mother. She put thy small, wee hand in mine—I reckon she sees us now; and belike we shall soon be with her. Anyhow, God's will be done."

"Dear Gregory," I muttered, and crept nearer to him for warmth. He was talking still, and again about our mother when I fell asleep. In an instant—or so it seemed—there were many voices about me—many faces hovering round me—the sweet luxury of warmth was stealing into every part of me. I was in my own little bed at home. I am thankful to say, my first word was "Gregory?"

A look passed from one to another—my father's stern old face strove in vain to keep its sternness; his mouth quivered, his eyes filled with unwonted tears.

"I would have given him half my land—I would have blessed him as my son,—Oh God! I would have knelt at his feet, and asked him to forgive my hardness of heart."

I heard no more. A whirl came through my brain, catching me back to death.

I came slowly to my consciousness, weeks afterwards. My father's hair was white when I recovered, and his hands shook as he looked into my face.

We spoke no more of Gregory. We could not speak of him; but he was strangely in our thoughts. Lassie came and went with never a word of blame; nay, my father would try to stroke her, but she shrank away; and, he, as if reproved by the poor dumb beast, would sigh, and be silent and abstracted for a time.

Aunt Fanny—always a talker—told me all. How, on that fatal night, my father, irritated by my prolonged absence, and probably more anxious than he cared to show, had been fierce and imperious, even beyond his wont, to Gregory; had upbraided him with his father's poverty, his own stupidity which made his services good for nothing. At last, Gregory had risen up, and whistled Lassie out with him—poor Lassie, crouching underneath his chair for fear of a kick or a blow. Some time before, there had been some talk between my father and my aunt respecting my return; and when Aunt Fanny told me all this, she said she fancied that Gregory might have noticed the coming storm, and gone out silently to meet me. Three hours afterwards, when all were running about in wild alarm, not knowing whither to go in search of me—not even missing Gregory, or heeding his absence, poor fellow—poor, poor fellow!—Lassie came home, with my handkerchief tied round her neck. They knew and understood, and the whole strength of the farm was turned out to follow her, with wraps, and blankets, and brandy, and everything that could be thought of. I lay in chilly sleep, but still alive, beneath the rock that Lassie guided them to. I was covered over with my brother's plaid, and his thick shepherd's coat was carefully

wrapped round my feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves—his arm thrown over me—a quiet smile (he had hardly ever smiled in life) upon his still, cold face.

My father's last words were, "God forgive me my hardness of heart towards the fatherless child!"

And what marked the depth of his feeling of repentance, perhaps more than all, considering the passionate love he bore my mother, was this: we found a paper of directions after his death, in which he desired that he might lie at the foot of the grave, in which, by his desire, poor Gregory had been laid with *our mother*.

—Mrs. Gaskell: *THE HALF-BROTHERS*

Questions:

A. 1. Ill-favoured—What does the prefix "ill" mean here? Give three other words having the same prefix.

2. Break the silence—Has 'break' the same meaning here as in 'break the law'? Give any other expression where "break" has the same meaning as in 'break the silence'.

3. Point out how the italicised words are appropriate:—But my voice came *husky* and *short*, and yet it dismayed me; it seemed so *weird* and *strange* in that noiseless expanse of black *darkness*.

4. Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:—by dint of; in an instant; pluck up a brave heart; beyond his wont.

B. 1. How did Farmer Preston treat Gregory and his dog?

2. Why did the half-brother lose his way?

3. "I was on the point of crying". Why?

4. What did Gregory do to save his half-brother's life?

5. How was Lassie useful in the rescue work?

6. How did Gregory happen to die?

7. What change came over the step-father towards Gregory after the latter's death?

C. 1. My voice came *husky* and *short*. The air was filled *thick* with dusky flakes.

Are the italicised words adjectives or adverbs?

2. Transform the following sentences:—

(a) It was too dark to see far before us—use “so that” for “too—to”.

(b) Sleep I would, were it only for five minutes—use ‘if’ to begin the subordinate clause.

(c) We were no nearer home than we were when we started—Rewrite the sentence using “far off”.

D. I. (a) What is the main incident of the story?

(b) Point out the different stages in the development of the story.

(c) How do description and dialogue help to give interest and vividness to the narrative?

(d) Rewrite the story suggesting a different ending to it.

(e) Rewrite the story as Preston would narrate it.

II. Expand the following outlines into a connected narrative:—

A farmer in a lonely cottage on the moor—the wife goes to town—the father foresees a snow-storm—asks

daughter to go some way to light her mother home—the girl on her way—the snow-storm bursts—the mother returns home but not the daughter—the farmer's search—fruitless.

7. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TORTOISE

[**Introduction:** Some writers on natural history present their subject with such vividness and charm that their writings appeal not only to the student of science, but also to the general reader. One of such writers and one of the earliest among them is Gilbert White (1720-1793.)

He was born at the little village of Selborne, where later on, he was appointed a curate. He was interested in natural history, and in the course of the rounds he took as a curate he watched the manner of life of the birds and beasts and plants of his parish. His observations he communicated to his brothers and friends who were all as keen on natural history as he. These letters of his were collected and issued in book form in 1789 as the *Natural History of Selborne*.

The extract given below gives one a taste of the delightful way in which he can write even on a subject so apparently dull.]

Selborne,
August 31, 1784.

Most Respectable Lady,

Your letter gave me great satisfaction, being the first that ever I was honoured with. It is my wish to answer you in your own way; but I never could make a

verse in my life, so you must be contented with plain prose. Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short indeed.

Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1734 in the Province of Virginia, in the midst of a savanna that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who had attained to great ages, without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species that a funeral is quite a strange occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate, and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bush, and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy a recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England, in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman, who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a hand-basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy from my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of

Timothy, took little further notice of me; so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers.

With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society. At last this good old lady died in a very advanced old age, such as a tortoise would call a good old age; and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in post-chaises to my present place of abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages—such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney beans, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially with great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition. For you must know that my master is what they call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, and putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting in the summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. These matters displease me; but there is another that much hurts my pride; I mean that contempt shown for my understanding which these lords of the creation are very apt to discover, thinking that nobody knows anything but themselves. I heard my master say that he expected

that I should some day tumble down the well; whereas I would have him to know that I can discern a precipice from plain ground as well as himself.

These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my greatest misfortune, which I have never divulged to any one before, is the want of society of my own kind. This reflection is always uppermost in my own mind, but comes upon me with irresistible force every spring. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement, for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from my terrace. One sunny morning, therefore, I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of Thomas Hoar, and escaped into the sainfoin which began to be in bloom, and thence into the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wildness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose: I could find no society such as I wished and sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility. Let me therefore make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings. Suppose you were to be kidnapped away *to-morrow*, in the bloom of your life, to the land of Tortoises, and were never to see again for fifty years a human face!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity—Your sorrowful Reptile,

—TIMOTHY.

Questions:

A. 1. Use the following idioms in your own sentences:—at a loss; to take no notice of; to sit light on; all to no purpose; in the bloom of life.

2. Give some words with their final syllables rhyming with these:—reflection; irresistible; agreeable; vigilance.

Model: Divulge—Indulge; diverge—converge.

3. Sea-boy—Give other compound words with “boy” as part of them.

4. Confinement—What are the two meanings of the word? Give six words which have more than one meaning.

B. I. The following are incomplete sentences; complete them:—

1. The tortoises live so long that.....

2. My master was a naturalist, and as became his profession, he

3. Madam, you would indeed be feeling miserable if

II. Write, in your own words, the life-story of Timothy.

Is your account a biography or an autobiography?

C. Fill in the blanks:—

Present tense	Past tense	Past participle
Soothe	—	—
—	—	Slung
—	Became	—
Know	—	—

D. 1. Write the autobiography of a piece of coal or of a loaf of bread.

2. Read the story of the "Kohinoor" diamond, and write the story as if narrated by it.

3. Write your own autobiography under these heads:—

- (a) Birth and parentage
- (b) Childhood
- (c) Education
- (d) What you propose to do

Library Work:

Joseph Addison: THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

8. HOW FAR A GOOD DEED GOES

[**Introduction:** *This extract is one of those inspiring bits of philosophy that appear in "The Children's Newspaper"—a weekly paper edited by Mr. Arthur Mee.*]

Who can measure how far a good deed goes? The waves of influence, like the wireless waves, go on and on.

When a song is broadcast we hear it in a fraction of a second; eight minutes later it would be at the Sun. The waves of light travel on, and there are stars so far distant that it will be ten, a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand years before the waves could reach them. In a sense such waves have neither measure nor end.

So it is with influence. A poor widow gave two mites as she passed the Temple Treasury in Jerusalem.

Jesus, sitting by, happened to notice, and the influence of the widow's mite has gone out into all the Earth and through the centuries. It will be immortal.

Influence is something much coveted. The desire for it lies behind much of the world's striving for wealth and place. Sometimes, when such influence is spoken of, it is a dull and earthly thing, associated with bags of money, whereas influence should be a shining word with the light of heaven in it. Influence, in its genuine and noblest form, is a radiant and starry thing, belonging to lives and deeds of a certain rare quality. Such influence is a matter of character rather than money, and to be influential in that fine way is open to us all.

Often at its loveliest it is unconscious. It is something shining out of some lives because of what they are. "It was easier to be good when she was with us," was the simple epitaph on a girl's memorial stone.

Someone, speaking of an influence on his boyhood, named one of his mates and said: "That boy had a great influence on me; you could never get him to tell a lie." By refusing to traffic in lies that boy had, all unknown to himself, been influential, and the thought of him lived long after he had passed on.

What marvellous influence has the little orphan silk-weaver in Browning's Pippa Passes: As she went along the road singing, her song touched many lives to finer issues. Like a ray of sun-light she sped down the road, and in her presence evil things lost some of their powers. It was easier to be good when she was near. Her song was both rebuke and inspiration. Life was sweeter and purer because she passed by. Fame must have seemed the very last thing she could ever win, yet a great poet thought it worth while to use his genius to tell the world of that small orphan.

That is the sort of influence every one of us may covet, and may have. It will live on after we have passed.

—*THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER*

Reprinted by permission of Mr. Mee.

Notes: 1. Wireless Waves:—All around us there is a subtle substance known as ether. When it is disturbed circular waves are produced in it, just as waves are produced in a well when a stone is thrown into it. These ether waves travel an infinite distance, though they are smaller and more distinct at the point of disturbance, and wider and fainter as the distance increases.

Now, sound is transmitted along these ether waves, and scientists saw that if waves of sufficient force could be transmitted from one place, they could be caught up at another. What was necessary was a suitable apparatus to transmit and receive these waves. The Italian scientist Marconi invented the necessary apparatus and made "Wireless" and "Broadcasting" possible.

2. *Pippa's Song:*

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

Questions:

A. 1. Give the noun forms of:—unconscious; simple; great; marvellous; sing; pure; sweet; refuse.

2. Use the following words in your own sentences:—broadcast; immortal; coveted; influential; inspiration.

3. Use the following words both as nouns and verbs:—measure; rebuke; thought.

B. I. Explain the following with reference to the context:—

(a) Influence should be a shining word with the light of heaven in it.

(b) Influence in its genuine and noblest form is a radiant and starry thing, belonging to lives and deeds of a certain rare quality.

(c) Such influence is a matter of character rather than money, and to be influential in that fine way is open to us all.

(d) Often at its loveliest, it is unconscious.

(e) Her song touched many lives to finer issues.

(f) Her song was both rebuke and inspiration.

II. 1. What is the main theme of the essay?

2. How is it explained?

3. What illustrations are given in support of it?

4. Quote some passage which expresses the same thought as does the theme of the essay.

5. Reproduce the essay in your own words.

C. Fill in the blanks:—

Positive degree

Comparative

Superlative

Influential

—

—

Loveliest

—

Easier

Little

—

Rare

—

—

D. Write an essay on any one of the following, and give each paragraph a heading:—

1. Where there is a will, there is a way.
 2. Knowledge is Power.
 3. Books are the friends of the friendless.
 4. Example is better than precept.
 5. Rome was not built in a day.
-

9. REBECCA AT THE CASTLE TOWER

[Introduction:] *Sir Walter Scott was born in 1771 at Edinburgh where his father was a lawyer. Scott too took up his father's profession, but his heart was really in literature. From his childhood he was keenly interested in collecting old poems, tales and traditions of the Scottish people, especially of the Border Country. So Scott is essentially a story-teller either in verse or prose.*

He first tried his hand at verse and his first poem was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—a long narrative poem dealing with stories of border raids. Other poems followed, which were immensely popular.

But Scott turned to prose and wrote as his first novel the "Waverley", which was followed by many others. They are all historical and their chief interest, at least for the youngsters, lies in their thrilling plots and striking episodes.

Scott died in 1832, having won a solid literary reputation.

The passage given below is an episode from his "Ivanhoe", a tale of the reign of King Richard I in which Richard himself and Robinhood, the famous outlaw play prominent roles.

The incident has for its scene the strong castle of Torquilstone belonging to Front-de-Boeuf. Ivanhoe, wounded in a recent tournament at Ashby, is lying in a room, and with him is Rebecca, the fair daughter of a rich Jew. They are both prisoners in the castle; and along with them as their fellow prisoners are Ivanhoe's father, Cedric, Rowena, Cedric's ward, and Isaac, the father of Rebecca.

They had gone to Ashby to see the tournament, but when they were returning to their homes, they were surrounded by a party of rapacious Norman knights and led to Front-de-Boeuf's castle.

But Cedric's serf, Wamba, who had managed to escape, enlisted the help of Robinhood to liberate the prisoners. Hence the attack on the castle described in the extract given below.]

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair

Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad above the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Boeuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring.

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" Then she uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! He is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness; "But no—

but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! He is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken, he snatches an axe from a yeoman, he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls! They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?"

"They have—they have! exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethern!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have, the better. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe. The thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes, it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the

outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

“What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe; “look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

“It is over for the time,” answered Rebecca.

Sir Walter Scott: IVANHOE

Notes: 1. Bed-ridden monk—Ivanhoe was wounded, hence he could take no part in the fight.

2. Knight of the Fetterlock—King Richard in disguise; he is also referred to as the Black Knight.

3. God of Jacob—Notice that Rebecca, being a Jewess, swears only Jewish oaths. Jacob is one of the three great patriarchs of the Jews.

4. Holy prophets of the Law—Moses and others who laid down the Jewish law.

5. Our dear Lady—Mary, the Mother of Christ.

6. Lord of Hosts—One of the terms in which the Jews referred to God.

7. Thine own image—a reference to the Biblical account that God made man in his own image.

Questions:

A. 1. Carry the castle—What does “carry” mean?

Give any two idiomatic expressions derived from ‘carry’.

2. Use the following in sentences of your own:—hand to hand; avail (as verb and noun); throng (as verb and noun).

3. Draw up a war vocabulary list from the lesson.

B. 1. How is the attack on the castle begun?

2. What is Ivanhoe's opinion on it?

3. Describe the fight at the breach.

4. What is its result?

C. 1. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed—
What mood is 'strike'?

2. Rewrite the following sentences as directed:—

(a) "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" demanded Ivanhoe (in Indirect Speech) .

(b) "Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring (in Indirect Speech).

(c) As fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their places in the assault (using "no sooner than").

3. Punctuate:

(a) Who is down cried Ivanhoe for our dear lady's sake tell me which has fallen.

(b) Think not of that said Ivanhoe this is no time for such thoughts who yield who push their way.

1. Write a dialogue on any one of the following subjects:—

(a) Between two friends on the value of reading novels.

(b) Between a father and his son on the latter's need to join an Arts College.

(c) On a motor accident between an eye-witness and another who wants particulars.

2. State if the dialogue you have written is natural in tone and reflects the character of the speakers.

Library work:

Scott: IVANHOE (abridged edition).

10. LACK OF ENTERPRISE

[Introduction: One evening a little boy was lying on the bank of the Missouri watching the river boats passing along, when he heard the men measuring the depth of the water call "Mark Twain," which meant two fathoms deep. It occurred to the boy that he could take the name "Mark Twain" if he should ever write a book.]

The name of the boy was Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He was born in 1835 at Florida on the Missouri, and his early life was hard. When later on, however, he turned to letters he became a remarkable success both as a writer and speaker. His broad humour made him a great favourite in England as well as America. He died a rich and reputed man in 1910.

The extract given below is from "A TRAMP ABROAD"—a travel book recording his experiences of a European tour. He has doubtless given some colour to it; he had of course to do it in order to make his account interesting.]

My main perplexity now was how to get them down the mountain again. I was not willing to expose the brave fellows to the perils, fatigues, and hardships of that fearful route again if it could be helped. First I thought of balloons; but of course I had to give that idea up, for balloons were not procurable. I thought of several other expedients, but upon consideration discarded them for cause. But at last I hit it. I was aware that the movement of glaciers is an established fact, for I had read it in Baedeker; so I resolved to take passage for Zermatt on the great Gorner Glacier.

Very good. The next thing was, how to get down to the glacier comfortably—for the mule-road to it was long, and winding, and wearisome. I set my mind at work, and soon thought out a plan. One looks straight down

upon the vast frozen river called the Gorner Glacier from the Gorner Grat—a sheer precipice 1200 feet high. We had 154 umbrellas—and what is an umbrella but a parachute?

I mentioned this noble idea to Harris with enthusiasm, and was about to order the expedition to form on the Gorner Grat, with their umbrellas, and prepare for flight by platoons, each platoon in command of a guide, when Harris stopped me and urged me not to be too hasty. He asked me if this method of descending the Alps had ever been tried before. I said, 'No, I had not heard of an instance.' Then, in his opinion, it was a matter of considerable gravity; in his opinion, it would not be well to send the whole command over the cliff at once; a better way would be to send down a single individual first, and see how he fared.

I saw the wisdom of this idea instantly. I said as much, and thanked my agent cordially, and told him to take his umbrella and try the thing right away, and wave his hat when he got down, if he struck in a soft place, and then I would ship the rest right along.

Harris was greatly touched with this mark of confidence, and said so in a voice that had a perceptible tremble in it; but at the same time he said he did not feel himself worthy of so conspicuous a favour; that it might cause jealousy in the command, for there were plenty who would not hesitate to say he had used underhand means to get the appointment, whereas his conscience would bear him witness that he had not sought it at all, nor even, in his secret heart, desired it.

I said these words did him extreme credit, but that he must not throw away the imperishable distinction of being the first man to descend an Alp per parachute, simply to save the feelings of some envious underlings. No, I said, he must accept the appointment—it was no longer an invitation, it was a command.

He thanked me with effusion, and said that putting the thing in this form removed every objection. He retired, and soon returned with his umbrella, his eyes flaming with gratitude and his cheeks pallid with joy. Just then the head guide passed along. Harris's expression changed to one of infinite tenderness, and he said—

‘That man did me a cruel injury four days ago, and I said in my heart he should live to perceive and confess that the only noble revenge a man can take upon his enemy is to return good for evil. I resign in his favour. Appoint him.’

I threw my arms around the generous fellow and said—

‘Harris, you are the noblest soul that lives. You shall not regret this sublime act, neither shall the world fail to know of it. You shall have the opportunities far transcending this one, too, if I live—remember that.’

I called the head guide to me and appointed him on the spot. But the thing aroused no enthusiasm in him. He did not take to the idea at all. He said—

‘Tie myself to an umbrella and jump over the Gorner Grat; excuse me, there are a great many pleasanter roads to the devil than that.’

Upon a discussion of the subject with him, it appeared that he considered the project distinctly and decidedly dangerous. I was not convinced, yet I was not willing to try the experiment in any risky way—that is, in a way that might cripple the strength and efficiency of the Expedition. I was about at my wit's end when it occurred to me to try it on the Latinist.

He was called in. But he declined, on the plea of inexperience, diffidence in public, lack of curiosity, and I don't know what all. Another man declined on account of a cold in the head; thought he ought to avoid exposure. Another could not jump well—never could jump well—did not believe he could jump so far without long and patient practice. Another was afraid it was going to rain,

and his umbrella had a hole in it. Everybody had an excuse. The result was that the reader has by this time guessed; the most magnificent idea that was ever conceived had to be abandoned from sheer lack of a person with enterprise enough to carry it out. Yes, I actually had to give that thing up—whilst, doubtless, I should live to see somebody use it and take all the credit from me.

Mark Twain: THE TRAMP ABROAD.

—*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chatto, Windus & Co.*

Notes: 1. Baedeker: A guide book for the tourist.

2. Zermatt: A hamlet at the foot of Mt. Matterhorn in the Alps. It is an important tourist centre.

3. Gorner Grat: Rocky ridge of the Pennine Alps, 3 ½ miles south-east of Zermatt.

4. What is an umbrella but a parachute: A parachute is an apparatus to help a person to descend safely to earth from a balloon or an aeroplane. It is like an umbrella in shape. The ingenious idea of Mark Twain was to use an umbrella for a parachute.

5. Latinist: One of the party, who would, in season and out, use Latin expressions.

Questions:

A. 1. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences:—

to set one's mind at work; considerable gravity; right away; right along; underhand means; to bear witness; do one credit; effusion; to return good for evil; at my wit's end.

2. Give the noun forms of:—

expose; resolve; wearisome; descend; hesitate; perceive; resign; consider; convince; conceive.

3. Give the synonyms of:—
expedients; gravity; effusion; cripple; magnificent.

B. 1. What queer expedient to descend the mountain did Mark Twain hit upon?

2. How did Harris back out of the proposal to attempt the descent?

3. What excuses did the chief guide and the Latinist plead to evade the descent?

4. Was Twain's proposal a joke or a serious one?

5. What were his comments when none of his party took the proposal kindly?

6. Why did not the author translate his idea into action?

C. 1. Analyse the sentence in para 5.

2. Rewrite this para using direct narration.

D. Narrate a humorous story where some absurd proposal is made and declined.

11. CAPTAIN COOK, THE HERO OF THE SEAS

[Introduction: Mr. Arthur Mee has already been introduced as the Editor of "The Children's Newspaper." But he is much more than that; he is one of those, and one of the most distinguished among them, who are trying to provide the youngsters with wholesome literature to read. He can tell a thrilling tale and hold a child's interest, and point a moral too without boring the child.

The story that follows is one from his *Hero-Book*—a book of short biographies of eminent men who in some way or other bear a message to mankind.]

About two centuries have passed since a half-starved Yorkshire labourer came home and found that another child had been born in his two-roomed cottage. He had nine of them in due course, and we may imagine that he thought very little of one more. But all the world thinks well of this one now, for he has set his name in letters of gold in the volume of the history of mankind. His name was James Cook, one of the greatest Englishmen since time began.

This little country, its future greatness all unknown, made little preparation for immortal men. This child, who was to find a continent and win for the British flag, had hardly room to be born in this lovely land of ours. There was no education waiting for him; he must pick up such scraps of knowledge as he could. But there was a good old lady who taught him to read, and his father's master liked him and thought this bright, poor boy worth helping, so he gave James a little schooling enough to make him a smart shopkeeper's apprentice in the little fishing village of Staithes, near Whitby.

The sea has been creeping into England and has washed the shop away since this bright boy ran out of it one day, without a word of warning, and joined a ship that was carrying coal to London. In London he hid from the press-gang. Much as he loved the sea, he hated that horrible gang of desperadoes who seized an Englishman in the streets, gave him a knock on the head, and threw him on to a ship. He would not go to sea like that, but, thinking it out, he resolved to volunteer. So James Cook ran away to sea and became a sailor, loving his life, but little dreaming that he was to end his career on an eminence as great as that of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

We think of Cook as the explorer of Australia and the founder of British influence in the Southern Dominion.

but how often do we remember that he who gave the British Empire a mighty continent played no mean part in giving it also the greatest piece of the American continent that any single government holds? Cook made known Australia, and he helped to conquer Canada.

The ship he was on went to Canada in the war with France, and they found him a rare sort of man. He was a very clever surveyor, he knew all about tides and currents, and he could find shoals and hidden rocks so well that the admiral came to depend on him. Cook would go out at night alone in a little boat, making notes of the unexplored banks of the St. Lawrence River and the shores of Newfoundland. Once the Red Indians caught him in the St. Lawrence and carried off his boat, but Cook leapt on to an island with his precious notes and charts, and he must have been delighted when he was given fifty pounds for them. They proved very helpful to General Wolfe in the conquest of Quebec.

James Cook went on and on; he mastered Euclid and taught himself astronomy, and he took notes of an eclipse which pleased the Royal Society so much that when Venus was to cross the face of the sun, and the Government wanted to send an expedition, it was this scientific sailor Cook they chose to send out with Sir Joseph Banks. He sailed to Tahiti Island, saw the eclipse, and then for three years they explored the Pacific.

It was an unknown ocean. Spain and Portugal and Holland had known it; their imperial fleets had scoured it and exploited it; but they kept the precious knowledge of it to themselves, and since the days of Drake it had been a mysterious sea. Nobody knew of the land beyond it; nobody knew anything about Australia, except a few travellers with doubtful tales, and perhaps a few astronomers who are said to have seen the shadow of the continent on the moon. Round the coast Cook sailed, with a

friend on board in Sir Joseph Banks, one of the best botanists who ever strolled through a country lane, and one of the best English patriots who ever gave his service to our race. Many strange sights they saw. They found the sea lit up at nights as if on fire, and Cook thought the light must come from luminous fishes as, of course, it did. They sailed along the coast of Brazil, where some of their party were nearly frozen to death while seeking plants on a mountain on a summer's day.

They found and named New Zealand; they sailed right round both islands, astonishing the Maoris, who had been there five hundred years or more but were cannibals still, and would have eaten Captain Cook and all his crew could they have caught them. In spite of them, Cook surveyed New Zealand and took possession of it. In the name of England he set up on a hill two poles carved with the name of the ship and the date, and he called together an old chief and his tribe, gave them presents and treated them well, and made them swear never to pull down the flag that he left flying there.

It is a dramatic little scene, this picture of our great sailor appointing a Maori chief as trustee for the British flag, and all the more strange when we think that England did not bother much about the flag for two generations or more. One wonders if they found it flying then!

On to Australia went Captain Cook, to that glorious natural harbour of Sydney. For ages the rolling waves of the Pacific Ocean had swept the lonely continent, the greatest island in the world, but no visitor from the outer world had come to this far place. No white man that we know had been near these ancient haunts of wild, strange life; not one page of the history of Australia was ready to be written, for the civilized world knew nothing of it. It was as if the southern world had been asleep since Time began.

And yet there was to take place, following on this visit of Captain Cook, a great European race for Australia, in which England reached the winning-post only just in time. Australia, it is true, had been touched at various points by mariners, but they brought back tales of its hopeless barrenness, and it was not till Captain Cook sailed to its eastern coast that a white man realised that here was a mighty continent. He was the first man to see the potential wealth of Australia; he was the first to sail the coast, and land, talk with its people, and understand something about them.

He did it all at the peril of his life, and he nearly brought disaster to his crew, for one day in these uncharted waters his ship ran on a hidden rock about twenty-five miles from land. It stuck fast on the rock, poised on it for two days and nights, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save them in that wild place, on that mysterious coast, with civilisation ten thousand miles away and no human help at hand. And a miracle did save them, for at last the ship was lifted off the rock, and what everybody on board expected to happen did not happen. As the water had been coming in it was thought the ship would sink, but it was saved by the very thing that had seemed to threaten it. A piece of rock that had pierced its hull snapped off its base and remained in the hole it had made, plugging it tight and saving the ship till it reached home.

But it was not a rare event like that which made this voyage memorable; the great achievement of Captain Cook was that he secured Australia for the British race. Yet years were to pass before we took the slightest interest in this vast continent he made known, and Cook had been for years in his unknown grave when another British captain followed him and set up the flag in Australia in the very nick of time to save it from Napoleon. A few days after this British captain had

arrived at Sydney, and as his ships were ready to sail out of the harbour, there sailed in another ship with La Perouse on board, to take possession of Australia for France! England had found a continent, and France had lost it, by a few brief hours.

A great, brave soul was La Perouse. What emotions must have stirred within him in that fateful hour! He had come to win an empire for his country; he was sailing to his immortality; he was at the gate of his Promised Land; and it was not for him to win. But he could enter. Captain Phillips and his men gave the Frenchman a great reception, and the disappointed explorer was happy among friends. He stayed with them a few weeks and then set out again, but before he left he wrote to the French Government explaining what had happened. Then he left his papers with the British captain, said good-bye, and sailed away with his two ships.

It is one of the tragedies of the world that La Perouse was never seen again. The wreck of his ship has been found in our time on a coral reef, but no witness to the fate of this brave French explorer has ever been discovered. In that dramatic hour he disappeared from history; he must have gone down at sea with all his men.

So nearly did our governments lose Australia through not availing themselves of the discovery of Captain Cook. The great explorer came home, and not a man in England knew what a glory he had added to the British Empire. There were no triumphal days for this great seaman; his was a pioneering, ours the great reward. He was out again very soon on a voyage to Antarctica, in command of a Government expedition, to discover how far the lands of the Antarctic stretched northwards. He did his work, sailing round the great ice-cap, but he made that voyage memorable by a conquest greater still, for he taught his men how to preserve life and health at sea.

Looking back on all his great achievements, Captain Cook believed this hygienic work of his to be the greatest feat of his life. It seemed to him a more stupendous thing than the discovery of Australia. Those were terrible days at sea, when men would die on ships as fast as flies in summer heat. On one of his voyages he had lost thirty men in a crew of eighty-five, and this tragic experience, so common on the sea in those days, set him thinking. Again and again the crew of a ship was broken up and doomed by scurvy and fever, and Cook, who knew more of science than perhaps any English seaman before him, faced this problem like the wise man that he was. He persuaded his men to follow his advice, and trained them by a wise and careful diet to avoid disease, or, if disease should come, to avert its terrors.

There never was a voyage at sea so healthy as Cook's voyage to Antarctica. Only one man died in a crew of a hundred; and when the ships came back, and the facts were made known, and Cook's hygienic science was explained before the Royal Society, the Society gave him its gold medal and honoured him as a benefactor of the human race.

So he was. Infinitely more than an explorer was Captain Cook. He set up our flag and established our influence in the greatest territories of our Empire, and his name and fame are part of the history of British dominion in America and Australasia. But what can compare with those other two distinctions of this great captain? *He taught us how to be healthy at sea; he spread everywhere the fame of Englishmen for chivalry and fair dealing.*

They are at the basis of our civilisation, these two things. What would the great sea-race have been, where would our far-flung Commonwealth have been, if the health of men had not been safe at sea, and if Captain

Cook had not made it safe in time to secure the mastery of the sea for the race that most of all loved liberty? And as for chivalry, running hand in hand with British freedom everywhere, is it not the very warp and woof which bind our British realms? Captain Cook did nothing ignoble and nothing mean. Never was an explorer more devoted to his men or to humanity, and his treatment of natives opened up golden ways for him. When France and Britain were at war the Government of France gave special orders to its sea commanders that one Englishman was never to be touched: Captain Cook was not to be interfered with on the seas.

It was his unbreakable rule to seek entry into new lands with the co-operation of the people he found there, to practise every fair means of cultivating their friendship, and to treat natives, wherever he found them, with all possible humanity. He would allow no man to be cruel to a native; he would allow no man to lower the name of England or bring dishonour on the flag; and so firm and relentless was he in this that once, when some of his crew had been unjust to natives, this English captain called the natives together, brought out one of his own men, and whipped him in the presence of those whom he had wronged.

His Antarctic voyage safely over, and its work well done, Captain Cook went out again, this time in quest of the north-west passage to the Pacific; and it was on this third voyage of his that the stern justice of this man led to a tragedy as mournful and pathetic as can be imagined. Storms drove his ships to Hawaii, where the people thought him a god and would have worshipped him. But there were thieves among them, and this man who whipped an Englishman for wronging natives was not afraid to whip a native who had wronged an Englishman. The sight of it was more than the native mind could understand. They could not comprehend the justice of this man, and there was a frightful revulsion of feeling

after a quarrel in which a native was killed. The natives attacked the captain's boat, and his men began firing. Cook turned round to order them to stop, and at that moment—that moment in which he turned to defend these natives from attack—a native stabbed and killed him.

The man of chivalry was betrayed. He fell into the water, where a mad and seething crowd of natives held him down, but he struggled to land, and this man who never in his life had wronged a man was beaten and hacked to death, natives snatching daggers from each other's hands for the satisfaction of striking him. It was perhaps the most horrible death an explorer has ever died, and he was perhaps the gentlest explorer who ever went to sea.

It is a pitiful tale, more pitiful because two British boats stood by and saw it all, one packed with fugitives in such panic-stricken confusion that it could give no help, the other looking callously on and leaving the captain's dead body in the hands of the savages. The captain of this ship was received at home with universal execration. He could have saved our hero's body and brought it home so that Cook could have slept in St Paul's; but he left the body with a mob of angry natives, who burnt part of it before it could be rescued for an honourable burial. But justice overtook the coward captain in the end, for nineteen years after he had stood by and watched the murder of Captain Cook he was dismissed from the Navy for cowardice at the battle of Camperdown, where Nelson thought he should have been shot.

So, on February 14, 1779, ended the life of one of England's noblest men. He was the first of all our seamen to sweep the whole Pacific. He helped to fix the British hold on North America; he founded British Australasia; he was the first to sail round the coast of New Zealand and chart it; he did the same with the east coast of Australia; he gave us the basis of the map of

the Southern Pacific as it remains practically to this day; he put up a fifth continent on the map of the world. He surveyed more coast-line than any other man. He made unknown waters safe for ships. He explored and settled the mystery of the fabled continent of Antarctica. He taught the race that was to rule the seas how to keep health and strength at sea, and he gave it three million square miles to take care of.

Has any man done more? Have we not given our throne to many who did less?

Reprinted from Mr. Arthur Mee's "HERO-BOOK" published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., London, by kind permission of the author.

Notes: 1. Sir Walter Raleigh—A great Elizabethan sea-man who attempted to colonise Virginia.

2. Sir Francis Drake—Another Elizabethan sea-man who was the first to circumnavigate the world.

3. General Wolfe; Quebec—The commander of British forces at Quebec in 1759. He captured Quebec from the French.

4. Battle of Camperdown; Nelson—Nelson was a great English sea-man at the time of the Napoleonic wars. His naval victories gave a death-blow to French naval power. One such victory was at Camperdown. (1797).

Questions:—

A. 1. Use the following idioms in your own sentences;—to set one's name in letters of gold; to play no mean part; at the peril of one's life; to run hand in hand; warp and woof.

2. Give the antonyms of these words:—hygienic; greatest; tragic; justice; natives; honourable; cowardice.

3. What work are these engaged in:—explorer; aviator; navigator; naturalist; sculptor; archaeologist.

B. I. Explain the following with reference to the context:—

1. All the world thinks well of this one now, for he has set his name in letters of gold in the volume of the history of mankind.

2. It was as if the southern world had been asleep since Time began.

3. He was at the gate of his Promised Land.

4. His was the pioneering, ours the great reward.

II. a. Name the paragraph which forms the introduction to the life-sketch of Cook.

b. Give a heading to each of the paragraphs, and explain how the paragraphs are linked up one with the other.

c. Which para sums up the achievements of the hero?

d. Write a para on each of the following:—

1. How Cook helped to fix the British hold on North America.

2. How he put up a fifth continent on the map of the World.

3. How he met his death.

C. I. Analyse the following sentences into clauses, and state the nature and construction of each clause:—

a. James Cook went on and on; he mastered Euclid and taught *himself* astronomy, and took notes of an eclipse which pleased the Royal Society so much that when Venus was to cross the face of the sun, and the Government wanted to send an expedition, it was this scientific *sailor* Cook they chose to send out with Sir Joseph Banks.

b. They sailed along the coast of Brazil, where some of their party were nearly frozen to death while seeking plants on a mountain on a *summer's* day.

c. It was as if the southern world had been asleep since Time began.

d. Australia, it is true, had been touched at various points by mariners, but they brought back tales of its barrenness, and it was not *till* Captain Cook sailed to its eastern coast that a white man realised that *here* was a mighty continent.

e. And a miracle did save them, *for* at last the ship was lifted off the rock, and *what* everybody on board expected to *happen* did not happen.

II. Parse the italicised words.

D. Sketch the biography of an Indian hero or heroine under these heads:—

1. Birth and parentage. 2. Early years and Education. 3. Career. 4. Character and achievements.

Library Work:

1. *Sir Harry Johnston:*

ADVENTURERS AND DISCOVERERS

2. *Bridges and Tiltman:*

HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE

3. *Arthur Mee: HERO-BOOK*

12. A CAMP IN THE DARK

[**Introduction:** Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in the year 1850. He was educated first for engineering and then for law. But as his health was delicate, he could not be either an engineer or a lawyer for long, and turned to letters.

Writing gave him rest and pleasure; it brought him money and fame. But his health declined steadily, and

as a last effort to improve his health, he went to Samoa, where he died in 1894.

The extract given below is from Stevenson's "*TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY*"—a book of travels, mostly autobiographical. His early travels were in Southern France, where he bought a donkey to carry his things and wandered about on foot sleeping mostly in the open. He loved the donkey very much and called it his "lady friend, Modestine".]

I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. This was the hamlet of Fouzilhic; three houses on a hillside, near a wood of birches. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road for Cheylard. He would hear of no reward, but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly.

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries. Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain fleecy density, or night within night, for a tree,—this was all that I could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way—

invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's length from the tract, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since Modestine had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some boulders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and little over a pound for my lady friend. Add to this, that I and Modestine were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now, if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined to return to Fouzilhic, and ask a little farther on my way.

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I set my face. The road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to Modestine, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not Fouzilhic, but Fouzilhac, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied Modestine to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

They came to the next door in force, a man, two women, and a girl, and brought a pair of lanterns to examine the wayfarer. The man was not ill-looking, but had a shifty smile. He leaned against the doorpost, and heard me state my case. All I asked was a guide as far as Cheylard.

I was willing to pay, I said. He shook his head. I rose as high as ten francs; but he continued to shake his head.

"Name your own price, then," said I.

"No," he cried, "I will not cross the door."

I drew a brief picture of my state, and asked him what I was to do.

"I don't know," he said; "I will not cross the door."

"Sir," said I, with my most commanding manners, "you are a coward."

And with that I turned my back upon the family party, who hastened to retire within their fortifications.

The lanterns had somewhat dazzled me, and I ploughed distressfully among stones and rubbish-heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to Modestine. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady in the dark; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of a wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long

in finding one, is another of insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and, suddenly crossing the road, made a cove of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration; to pass below that arch of leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch, and to this I tied Modestine, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack, laid it along the wall on the margin of the road, and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was; but where were the candles? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

I tied Modestine more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in. I opened a tin of sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat.

R. L. Stevenson: TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

--Reprinted by kind permission of Mr. Lloyd Osborne.

Questions:

A. 1. *Use these idioms in your own sentences:—*
to smell mischief; of her own accord; to turn upon; at arm's length.

2. Are the epithets in the following appropriate:—
a well-marked road; heavy discharge of rain; unkindly services of the bog; well-wooded district; insoluble mysteries; flying clouds; desponding donkey.

B. 1. "I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker".

Write a few sentences to explain how dark the night was.

2. "I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses!" Why?

3. Where did Stevenson find shelter for the night?

4. Rewrite the second para in your own words, and comparing it with the original, state which para reads better—yours or Stevenson's.

C. Rewrite the sentences as directed:—

(a) I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood. (as a simple sentence).

(b) Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord and from that time forward gave me no trouble. (as a multiple sentence).

(c) I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. (changing the degree of 'blacker').

(d) I stumbled among rocks until I gained the entrance of the village. (as a simple sentence).

(e) "Name your own price then," said I. "No," he cried, "I will not cross the door." (in the indirect narration).

(f) If it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, I might still have been groping for her at the dawn. (as a simple sentence).

D. Describe a day spent at a holiday resort.

13. TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

[Introduction: Jules Verne (1828-1905) may be regarded as the father of the scientific romance—a type of story in which the amazing discoveries of science give rise to wonderfully thrilling situations.

The story given below is a very much shortened version of Verne's original.]

In the year 1866 the whole sea-faring world of Europe and America was greatly disturbed by an ocean mystery which baffled the wits of scientists and sailors alike. Several vessels, in widely different regions of the seas, had met a long and rapidly moving object much larger than a whale, and capable of almost incredible speed. It had also been seen at night, and was then phosphorescent, moving under the water in a glow of light.

There was no doubt whatever as to the reality of this unknown terror of the deep, for several vessels had been struck by it, and particularly the Cunard steamer Scotia, homeward bound for Liverpool. A large triangular hole had been pierced through the steel plate of the Scotia's hull and if she had not been divided into seven watertight compartments, any one of which could stand injury without danger to the vessel, the ship would certainly have been sunk. It was three hundred miles off Cape Clear that the Scotia encountered this mysterious monster. After a delay of some days the travellers arrived at Liverpool, and the ship was put into dock, where the result of the blow from the unknown was thoroughly investigated. So many vessels had recently been lost from unknown causes, that the narrow escape of the Scotia directed fresh attention to this ocean mystery, and both in Europe and America there was a strong public agitation for expedition to be sent out, prepared to do battle with, and if possible

“destroy, this narwhal of monstrous growth, as many scientists believed it to be.

Now I, Pierre Arronax, assistant professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History, was at this time in America, where I had been engaged on a scientific expedition into the disagreeable region of Nebraska. I had arrived at New York in company of my faithful attendant, Conseil, and was devoting my attention to classifying the numerous specimens I had gathered for the Paris Museum. As I had already some reputation in the scientific world from my book on “The Mysteries of the Great Submarine Grounds,” a number of people did me the honour of consulting me concerning the one subject then exercising the minds of all interested in ocean travel.

An expedition was also being fitted out by the United States government, the fastest frigate of the navy, the Abraham Lincoln, under command of Captain Farragut, being in active preparation, with the object of hunting out this wandering monster which had last been seen three weeks before by a San Francisco steamer in the North Pacific Ocean. I was invited to join this expedition as a representative of France, and immediately decided to do so. The faithful Conseil said he would go with me wherever I went, and thus it came about that my sturdy Flemish companion, who had accompanied me on scientific expeditions for ten years, was with me again on the eventful cruise which began when we sailed from Brooklyn for the Pacific and the unknown.

The crew of the frigate and the various scientists on board were all eagerness to meet the great cetacean, or sea-unicorn. My own opinion was that it would be found to be a narwhal of monstrous growth, for these creatures are armed with a kind of ivory sword, or tusk, as hard as steel, and sometimes nearly seven feet long, by fifteen inches in diameter at the base. Supposing one to exist

ten times as large as any that had ever been captured, with its tusk proportionately powerful, it was conceivable that such a gigantic creature, moving at a great rate, could do all the damage that had been reported.

There was among our crew one Ned Land, a gigantic Canadian of forty, who was considered to be the prince of harpooners. Many a whale had received its death-blow from him, and he was eager to flesh his harpoon in this redoubtable cetacean which had terrified the marine world.

Week after week passed without any sign that our quest would be successful. Indeed, after nearly four months had gone, and we had explored the whole of the Japanese and Chinese coasts, the captain reached the point of deciding to return, when one night the voice of Ned Land was heard calling:

“Look out there! The thing we are looking for on our weather-beam!”

At this cry the entire crew rushed towards the harpooner—captain, officers, masters, sailors, and cabin-boys; even the engineers left their engines, and the stokers their furnaces. The frigate was now moving only by her own momentum, for the engines had been stopped. My heart beat violently. I was sure the harpooner's eyes had not deceived him. Soon we could all see, about two cables' length away, a strange and luminous object, lying some fathoms below the surface, just as described in many of the reports. One of the officers suggested that it was merely an enormous mass of phosphorous particles, but I replied with conviction that the light was electric. And even as I spoke the strange thing began to move towards us!

The captain immediately reversed engines and put on full speed, but the luminous monster gained on us and played round the frigate with frightful rapidity. Its light-

would go out suddenly and re-appear again on the other side of the vessel. It was clearly too great a risk to attack the thing in the dark, and by midnight it disappeared, dying out like a huge glow-worm. It appeared again, about five miles to the windward, at two in the morning, coming up to the surface as if to breathe, and it seemed as though the air rushed into its huge lungs like steam in the vast cylinders of a 2,000 horse-power engine.

"Hum!" said I. "A whale with the strength of a cavalry regiment would be a pretty whale!"

Everything was in readiness to attack with the coming of the dawn, and Ned Land was calmly sharpening his great harpoon, but by six in the morning the thing had again disappeared, and a thick sea-fog made it impossible to observe its further movements. At eight o'clock, however, the mist had begun to clear, and then, as suddenly as on the night before, Ned Land's voice was heard calling: "The thing on the port-quarter!"

There it was, surely enough, a mile and a half away, now a large black body showing above the waves, and leaving a track of dazzling white as its great tail beat the water into foam.

Moving rapidly, it approached within twenty feet of the frigate. Ned stood ready at the bow to hurl his harpoon, and the monster was now shining again with that strange light which dazzled our eyes. All at once he threw the harpoon. It struck on a hard body. Instantly the light went out and two enormous water-spouts fell on our deck. A frightful shock followed, and the next moment I found myself struggling in the sea. Though a good swimmer, I kept afloat with some difficulty, and great was my joy when I heard the voice of the faithful Conseil who had jumped in after me. Much stronger than I, he helped me to remove some of my clothes, and thus we kept afloat until I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself on the top of what seemed to be a floating island, and there was Ned Land as well as Conseil. We were on the back of the mysterious monster, and it was made of metal! Presently it began to move, and we were afraid it might go below the surface.

Indeed, it seemed to be on the point of submerging, when Land hammered loudly on the metal plates, and in a moment an opening was made, and the three of us were drawn inside by eight masked men. A door banged on us, and for half an hour we lay in utter darkness. Then a brilliant electric light flooded the cabin, a room of about twenty feet by ten, and two men entered. One was tall, pale, and dark-eyed, but magnificently proportioned.

Though we spoke to them in French, German, English, and Latin, they did not seem to understand, while their own speech was unintelligible to us. But they gave us clothes and food. After eating the food, which was strange but delicious, we all lay down and slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

Next day the tall man, whom I afterwards came to know as Captain Nemo, master of this marvellous submarine boat, came to me, and, speaking in French, said:

“I have been considering your case, and did not choose to speak till I had weighed it well. You have pursued me to destroy me. I have done with society for reasons of my own. I have decided. I give you choice of life or death. If you grant me a passive obedience, and submit to my consigning you to your cabin for some hours or days, as occasion calls, you are safe. You, Monsieur Arronax, have least cause to complain, for you have written on the life of the sea—I have your book in my library here—and will benefit most when I show you its marvels. I love it. It does not belong to despots.”

Clearly we could do nothing but submit, and afterwards Captain Nemo showed me his wondrous craft.

It was indeed a thing of marvels; for, besides the dining-room, it contained a large library of twelve thousand volumes, a drawing-room measuring thirty feet by eighteen, and fifteen high. The walls of this apartment were adorned with master-pieces of the great painters, and beautiful marbles and bronzes. A large piano-organ stood in one corner, and there were glass cases containing the rarest marine curiosities which a naturalist could wish to see. A collection of enormous pearls in a cabinet must have been worth millions, and Captain Nemo told me he had rifled every sea to find them.

The room assigned to me was fitted up with every luxury, yet the captain's own apartment was as simply furnished as a monastic cell, but in it were contained all the ingenious instruments that controlled the movements of the Nautilus, as his submarine was named. The electricity was manufactured by a process of extracting chloride of sodium from the sea water, but the fresh air necessary for the life of the crew could only be obtained by rising to the surface. The engine-room was sixty-five feet long, and in it was the machinery for producing electricity as well as that for applying the power to the propeller.

The Nautilus, Captain Nemo explained, was capable of ploughing along at a speed of fifty miles an hour, and could be made to sink or rise with precision by flooding or emptying a reservoir. In a box, raised somewhat above the hull and fitted with glass ten inches thick, the steersman had his place, and a powerful electric reflector behind him illumined the sea for half a mile in front.

The submarine also carried a small torpèdo-like boat, fitted in a groove along the top, so that it could be entered from the Nautilus by opening a panel, and, after that was

closed, the boat could be detached from the submarine, and would then bob upwards to the surface like a cork. The importance of this and its bearing on my story will appear in due time.

It was on a desert island that Captain Nemo had carried out the building of the Nautilus, and from many different places he had secured the various parts of the hull and machinery, in order to maintain secrecy.

Deeply interested as I was in every detail of this extraordinary vessel, and excited beyond measure at the wonders which awaited me in exploring the world beneath the waves, I had still the feeling of a prisoner who dared scarcely hope that liberty might some day be obtained. But when the metal plates which covered the windows of the saloon were rolled back as we sailed under the water, and on each hand I could see a thronging army of many-coloured aquatic creatures swimming around us, attracted by our light, I was in an ecstasy of wonder and delight.

Ned Land, unlike me, was soon satisfied with what he had seen of the submarine world, and had now but one thought of escape; but no opportunity had yet offered. He was in despair, and Conseil and I had to watch him carefully lest he might kill himself. One morning he said to me:

"We are going to fly to-night. I have taken the reckoning, and make out that twenty miles or so to the east is land. I have a little food and water, and Conseil and I will be near the opening into the small boat at ten. Meet us there. If we do not escape, they sha'n't take me alive."

"I will go with you," I said. "At least we can die together."

Wishing to verify the direction of the Nautilus, I went to the saloon. We were going N.N.E. with frightful

speed at a depth of twenty-five fathoms. I took a last look at all the natural marvels and art treasures collected in this strange museum, a collection doomed to perish in the depths of the ocean with the man who had made it. Back in my own room I donned my sea garments, and placed all my notes carefully about my clothing. My heart was beating so loudly that I feared my agitation might betray me if I met Captain Nemo. I decided it was best to lie down on my bed in the hope of calming my nerves, and thus to pass the time till the hour determined upon for our attempt. Ten o'clock was on the point of striking, when I heard Captain Nemo playing a weird, sad melody, and I was struck with the sudden terror of having to pass through the saloon while he was there. I must make the attempt, and softly crept to the door of the saloon and softly opened it. Captain Nemo was still playing his subdued melody; but the room was in darkness, and slowly I made my way across it to the library door. I had almost opened this when a sigh from him made me pause.

He had risen from the organ, and, as some rays of light were now admitted from the library, I could see him coming slowly towards me with folded arms, gliding like a ghost rather than walking.

Now rendered desperate, I rushed into the library, up the central staircase, and so gained the opening to the boat where my companions were awaiting me. Quickly the panel through which we went was shut and bolted by means of a wrench which Ned Land had secured. We got inside the boat, the opening of which we quickly fastened, and the harpooner began to undo from the inside the screws that still fastened the boat to the Nautilus. Suddenly a great noise was heard within the submarine. We thought we had been discovered, and were prepared to die defending ourselves. Ned Land stopped his work for the moment, and the noise grew louder. It was a terrible word, twenty times repeated, that we heard. "The

"Maelstrom! The Maelstrom!" was what they were crying. Was it to this, then, that the Nautilus had been driven, by accident or design, with such headlong speed? We heard a roaring noise, and could feel ourselves being whirled about in spiral circles. The steel muscles of the submarine were cracking, and at times in the awful churning of the whirlpool it seemed to stand on end. "We must hold on," cried Land. We may be saved if we can stick to the Nautilus."

His anxiety now was to make fast the screws that bound the boat to the submarine, but he had scarcely finished speaking when, with a great crash, the bolts gave way, and released from the larger vessel, the boat shot up into the midst of the whirlpool. My head struck on its iron frame-work, and with the violent shock I lost all consciousness.

How we escaped from that hideous gulf, where even whales of mighty strength have been tossed and battered to death, none of us will ever know! But I was in a fisherman's hut on the Lofoden Isles when I regained consciousness. My two companions were by my side, safe and sound, and we all shook hands heartily. There we had to wait for the steamer that runs twice a month to Cape North, and in the interval I occupied myself revising this record of our incredible expedition in an element previously considered inaccessible to man, but to which progress will one day open up a way.

I may be believed or not, but I know that I have made a journey of twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

Reprinted from the "BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE" by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Mee and The Educational Co., London.

Questions:

A. 1. Use these words and phrases in your own sentences:—to come about; all eagerness; to gain on; beyond measure; monstrous; redoubtable; luminous; unintelligible; consciousness.

2. Rewrite the sentences using synonymous words for those italicised and state which word you prefer—the one used in the text or the one used by you:—

(a) Such a *gigantic* creature could do all the *damage* that had been reported.

(b) He was eager to *flesh* his harpoon in this *redoubtable* cetacean which had *terrified* the marine world.

(c) A powerful electric light *illuminated* the sea for half a mile in front.

3. What are these:—

museum; aquarium; park; port-quarter; cabin.

4. The italicised words in the following sentences are expressive; say how.

(a) A brilliant electric light *flooded* the cabin.

(b) He had *rifled* away every sea to find them.

(c) I could see a *thronging* army of many-coloured creatures swimming around us.

(d) I could see him coming slowly towards me with folded arms, *gliding* like a ghost rather than walking.

(e) The boat *shot up* into the midst of the whirlpool.

B. I. Answer the following questions, and then link the sentences to give a connected account:—

1. Why was the expedition got ready?

2. Why was Pierre Arronax invited to join it?
3. Where did he and his companions sail to in quest of their prey?
4. Where did they meet it?
5. Did it prove to be the narwhal they had thought it to be?

II. "It was indeed a thing of marvels."
Expand this idea by describing the submarine.

III. The original story by Jules Verne makes a fairly big book; but here it has been re-written in a considerably abridged form by the omission of minor incidents and descriptive detail.

Such an abridgement is called a precis.

Write the precis of this story in about two pages.

C. I. Transform the following sentences as directed:—

1. It was clearly too great a risk to attack the thing in the dark (using "so" for "too").
2. Great was my joy when I heard the voice of the faithful Conseil (using "no sooner").
3. Conseil and I had to watch him carefully lest he might kill himself (using "so that not" for "lest").
4. One morning he said to me, "We are going to fly to-night." (in indirect narration).

II. Analyse the sentence into clauses, and state the nature and construction of each clause:—

The faithful Conseil said he would go with me wherever I went, and thus it came about that my sturdy Flemish companion, who had accompanied me on scientific expeditions for ten years, was with me again on the eventful cruise which began when we sailed from Brooklyn for the Pacific and the unknown.

III. Punctuate the passage and use capital letters wherever necessary:—

Ned Land unlike me was soon satisfied with what he had seen of the submarine world and had now one thought of escape but no opportunity had yet offered he was in despair and conseil had to watch him carefully lest he might kill himself one morning he said to me we are going to fly tonight conceil and i will be near the opening into the small boat at ten meet us there if we do not escape they shall not take me alive i will go with you i said at least we can die together.

D. 1. How do you proceed to write the precis of a passage?

2. What part of the complex sentence gives its main idea?

3. Pick out a few sentences from the lesson and shorten them in any one or more of the ways suggested below:—

- (a) Changing a clause into a phrase;
- (b) Changing a phrase into a word;
- (c) Omitting unimportant clauses, phrases, and words.

4. What should ordinarily be the length of the precis with reference to the original passage?

5. Select five sentences and two passages from a book, and write the precis of each in less than a third of the length of the original.

Library Work:

*Jules Verne: TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES
UNDER THE SEA*

14. THE WRECK

[**Introduction:** *Pickwick* and *Pickwickian*, *Bumble* and *Bumbledom* have passed current into everyday English. They owe their origin to Charles Dickens and his novels.

He was born in 1812, and even from boyhood he was, as his nurse put it, "a terrible boy to read". But as his parents were poor, his schooling was indifferent, and it was only by hard work that he became a newspaper reporter in 1830.

In 1833 he wrote his first novel, "*Pickwick Papers*". It set the whole of England talking and laughing over Mr. Pickwick, and Dickens shot into fame. His popularity increased so greatly that his last novel even before it was completed was bought for £ 7,500. He died in 1869 and was buried in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

The extract produced below is a scene from his famous novel "*David Copperfield*". It is narrated in the first person—an autobiography by David Copperfield. The wreck described here took place at Yarmouth, where Copperfield had gone to see his friends, the Peggotties of whom Ham is also one.]

I sprang out of bed, and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken off short, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, specially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at the moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was still standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to say that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the

rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose from the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of those, frantically imploring a band of sailors not to let those two last creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way-- I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a

little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood upon his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and I remained near him, busy while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

Charles Dickens: DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Questions:

A. 1. Haul—Give another word having the same sound; give its meaning too.

2. Outstrip—What does 'out' signify here? Give four other words where 'out' has the same meaning.

3. Collection of ropes and sails—rigging.

Give collective nouns meaning:—

(a) a collection of ships; (b) of guns; (c) of books.

4. Use the following in sentences of your own:—go to pieces; implore; make out; haul.

5. Pick out at least eight words referring to the several parts of a ship.

B. 1. What was the weather like on the day of the wreck?

2. Where was the ship coming from?

3. How far was the ship from the shore?

4. Describe the scene on the shore.

5. What attempt at rescue was first contemplated?

6. What was Ham's plan of rescue? Of what avail was it?

C. 1. Parse the italicised words:

I noticed that *some* new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them *part*, and *Ham* come breaking through them to the *front*.

2. Analyse the following into clauses and give the nature and construction of each clause:—

(a) Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be.

(b) They were making out to me in an agitated way that the life-boat had been manned an hour ago, and

could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try.

D. 1. Describe a railway accident and the rescue work following it.

Library Work:

Charles Dickens: *DAVID COPPERFIELD* (abridged edition).

15. COWPER WRITES TO LADY HESKETH

[**Introduction:** “Life has passed with me but roughly.” —so wrote Cowper in one of his poems. It was indeed so; his life is one of the most pathetic in the history of English literature.

William Cowper was born in 1731 and joined the Bar in due course. He came of a well-connected family one of whom had even been a Lord Chancellor. So Cowper seemed to have the prospect of a brilliant career before him. But Cowper made no head-way in his profession, and just when he was about to secure a job he had an attack of madness. The fit passed; but it left him nervous and melancholy, and recurred in later life too. Happily for him he was looked after very kindly by his friends, and his cousin, Lady Hesketh, did her best to provide him with comforts.

On account of his malady, Cowper had to live a secluded life and turned to the writing of poetry. His was an uneventful life, and he died in 1800.

Cowper's letters have a distinctive flavour, and one of them is given below.]

The Lodge,
November 27, 1787.

It is the part of wisdom, my dearest cousin, to sit down contented under the demands of necessity because they are such. I am sensible that you cannot, in my uncle's present infirm state, and of which it is not possible to expect any considerable amendment, indulge either us or yourself with a journey to Weston.

On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints in Northampton, brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, Sir, if you would furnish me with one." To this I replied: "Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statutory, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose."

"Alas! Sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him; but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer. "Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too, for the same reason." But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be

considerable, promised to supply him. The wagon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style; a fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons.

A poor man begged food at the Hall lately. The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then he returned it to her, saying, "I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it."

Once more, my dear, a thousand thanks for your box full of good things, useful things, and beautiful things."

Yours ever,
W. C.

Questions:

A. Use the following words in your own sentences:—sensible; infirm; mortality; compliment; mortified.

B. 1. Suggest a heading for each of the paragraphs in the letter.

2. Reproduce the first para in your own words.

3. A letter should read like a natural talk, and reveal the writer's feelings, observations and other distinguishing traits of personality.

Does this letter have these features?

C. Rewrite the sentences as directed:—

1. He is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him. (using "too to").

2. He returned to her, saying, "I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but I cannot eat broth with maggots in it. (using indirect narration).

3. On asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. (using shorter sentences).

D. 1. How do you distinguish a good letter from a bad one?

2. Address, salutation, subscription and superscription—where are these to be placed in a letter?

3. (a) What form of salutation and subscription are you to use when letters are written to the following: an uncle, a friend, an acquaintance, a stranger, a business firm.

(b) Write the superscription to each of the above:

4. (a) How do these types of letters—private letter, business letter, a formal note of invitation, an application, an official letter—differ, one from the other, in form?

(b) Give a specimen of each kind of letter to illustrate your answer.

16. THE TWO FRIENDS OF SYRACUSE (B. C. 380).

[**Introduction:** *MARY YONGE* (1823-1901) is a woman writer of the last century, and won considerable popularity by her writings, the best known of which are *The Heir of Redcliffe*, *The Little Duke*, and *A Book of Golden Deeds*.

The passage given below is from the last named book.]

Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger at this time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful, he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which an usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by-and-by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nutshells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was Pythias who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his

return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, Damon came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, he would suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honour, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated to admit him as a third in their friendship.

—*C. M. Yonge: A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS*

Notes: 1. Carthaginians—The people of Carthage (Africa). They were a great nation, and were at one time engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Rome.

2. Which has become a proverb:—The idiom associated with Damocles is "The sword of Damocles." When we say that the sword of Damocles is hanging over a person it means that he is threatened with serious and immediate danger.

Questions:

A. 1. Use the following expressions in your own sentences:—to take one at one's word; to look to; to look down upon; by-and-by; by the by; to be current; to laugh a request to scorn; in one's stead.

2. Faithless—Give some other words with the suffix "less". What does this suffix indicate?

3. Use the expression "the sword of Damocles" in a sentence of your own.

4. What do these idioms mean?—to cut the Gordian Knot; to eat humble pie; to meet one half-way; give a deaf ear to; by hook or crook; to pay off old scores; to turn over a new leaf; in the nick of time.

B. I. Arrange the following sentences in the proper sequence of events:

1. One of these was Pythias, a Greek.

2. Dionysius was a great tyrant.

3. Dionysius would not trust him but on being told that a friend of Pythias would stand surety for him; he allowed him to go.

4. All those who fell under his suspicion he either imprisoned or sentenced to death.

5. On hearing the sentence of death, he requested to be permitted to go to Greece to settle his affairs and return to receive the punishment.

6. Dionysius was pleased at this, and forgave Pythias.

7. Days and weeks went by but Pythias did not return; but when the day of execution arrived, Pythias presented himself before the tyrant.

II. Sketch the character of Dionysius.

III. "Dionysius was in constant dread." What precautions did he take against danger to his life?

IV. What are the anecdotes told of Dionysius?

C. 1. State whether you have to use "a" or "an" before these words:—
usurper; historical; European; university; honest.

2. Use the sign of the genitive case in the following:—Pythias will; conscience sake; Moses laws; James hat. What is the rule that governs the use of the genitive case?

3. Use appropriate prepositions to fill up the blanks:—

It is — him the story is told that he had a chamber hollowed — the rock — his state prison, and constructed — galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation — his captives; and — him too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that — hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be — his situation — a single day, he took him — his word, and Damocles found himself — a banquet — everything that could delight his senses.

4. Analyse the sentence given above, and parse the italicised words therein.

D. 1. What is a Golden Deed?

2. Is the story an example of such a deed?

3. Narrate a story to illustrate a golden deed.

Library Work:

1. C. M. Young: *A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS*
 2. Robinson: *A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS*
-

17. THE JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS

[**Introduction:** *Mr. Jinarajadasa is a Sinhalese by birth. He is an eminent scholar, a good speaker and the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society.*]

Among all the movements in the world, in the domains of religion, science, art and social service, the Boy Scout Movement is the most remarkable. For one thing, it is more wide spread than any other movement. Yet the Scout Movement is a comparatively new one. Why then has it spread so rapidly?

There are many reasons. One is that it met a crying need in the lives of boys. It gave them an enthusiasm for action, a zest for life. The moment a boy became a scout—and the same thing is true about a girl who joined the parallel movement of the Girl Guides—he became alive in a new way. His imagination was given a freedom denied in the school curriculum. For, a Scout is called upon to be, not a mere student of things as in school, but an executive pioneer tackling problems in life. It is this appeal to action which finds such thrilling response in boys and girls.

But there is another reason which goes deeper into the basis of the Scout Movement. That is the splendid idealism which runs through the Movement. Once a Scout, who has taken his pledge before the Flag, he is the brother to every other scout in the world. The boy scouts have shown that hearty and cordial co-operation among

the many peoples of the world is not a mere dream of the future but is something which is perfectly realizable in the present. It is for this reason that many years ago, Dr. Annie Besant called the Scout Movement "the Junior League of Nations." In order to understand the significance of this striking phrase, let us turn for a moment to look at the League of Nations at Geneva.

Today the League of Nations is composed of fifty-four nations. In every one of them you will find boy scouts, and in the majority of them girl guides as well. But there are several nations, where the Scout Movement is strong, which are not members of the League of Nations. For instance, the United States of America is not a member of the League, but the Scout Movement there is well developed. So, as a matter of fact, the Scout Movement is more broad-based than the League of Nations.

Furthermore, the scouts probably act more in the spirit of the League than do the members of the League themselves. For one thing, when scouts meet at big gatherings, like scout rallies in a district or country, or at great international gatherings called "Jamborees," criticism is absent. Scouts meet to learn from each other. In all the games and competitions among scouts, there is certainly rivalry, but it is the rivalry of brothers, not that of hostile critics.

Every gathering of scouts, small or great, is characterized by a spirit of the utmost friendliness. In international Jamborees, where perhaps fifty or sixty nations are represented, the boys of course retain the sense of their nationality. But that sense is subordinated to a spirit of world-brotherhood. Each national troop will have its own national flag: but the flag of the scout brotherhood, with its motto, "Be Prepared," is saluted by all scouts. The thought that a scout is brother to

every other scout dominates all rallies. When that thought dominates fifty or sixty kinds of Nationals, as it does at Jamborees, the effect is remarkable. It is so striking that one hardly knows how to describe it: it is as if much mud and dirt were washed away from a road by a heavy shower, and there is at last a clean road where vehicles can run without leaving a trail of dust to choke the foot passengers. Of course, every religion preaches charity and love of the neighbour; but what prevails among men, as a practical principle in business, for instance, is not love but jealousy and enmity. That is why the spirit at scout gatherings stands out. We know how the League of Nations aims to abolish war. If the League could have at its meetings the spirit of brotherhood which prevails at Jamborees, wars would certainly cease within one generation.

This thought of brotherhood is kept prominent in connection with all scout activities. The ordinary divisions accepted by men, such as religion and caste, find no place among scouts. Where a troop is organized from a school which is denominational, like, for instance, a Roman Catholic school, the children are naturally Catholics; but the Scout troop is not a Roman Catholic troop. It is just a troop of boy scouts, ready to fraternize at once with brother scouts from any country in the world.

This happy atmosphere is developed by scouts in all kinds of ways—first, by various crafts and games in which all can join, and then, by joyous gatherings round the Camp Fire, where all sing together, and where scouts, qualified for the purpose, are entertainers. A scout trains himself to be efficient, he may strive after only one line of efficiency, like that of entertaining, but he must do that well in order to get his badge as an entertainer. Or he may select to be a camp-cook, but then he must be an efficient cook. This idea of doing well, not in the

usual slip-shod way tolerated by us all, is one of the excellences of the scout ideals.

There is much that is wrong with the world just now; for one thing, the spirit of commercial rivalry with its price-cutting and over-production has caused a serious financial crisis everywhere. Every nation has less money to spend. But are the nations spending less money on armies and navies? No! Why? Simply because they are afraid of each other.

All this has to be changed, if some day we are to have a happier world than that in which we live in this year. But who is to change the world?

Those who are best fitted for the work are the boy scouts and girl guides of today. Of course, they are young, and so do not possess as yet the technical knowledge necessary. But they possess something far more precious than knowledge, and that is ability of the right kind. That is the ability which is deep-rooted in understanding. Try as a scout to be a brother to every other scout, and the result is that you will understand the needs of your brother scouts. Slowly from that you will look at things from his standpoint, sympathize with his difficulties, and be ready to encourage him where and when he needs encouragement most. This type of understanding alone gives the true basis of statesmanship.

That is why, if only scout ideals can be made to prevail among all grown-ups, and not only as now only among boys and girls in the Scout and Girl Guide Movements, all the nations would get together with a will to put an end to war, to put an end to poverty, and to make two blades grow where only one grows today.

It is for these ideals of friendliness among all peoples that the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of the world stand. They are indeed a true League of Nations. Certainly

just now, they are only a Junior League of Nations. But on the other hand, when the League of Nations at Geneva really succeeds in its work, the highest compliment which it will deserve will be to be called a glorified Scout Movement. On the success of this Junior League of Nations, depends very largely the efficiency of the senior League of Nations, to which we look today to solve the world's problems, and lead us from misery to happiness, from darkness to light.

Reprinted by kind permission of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa from his broadcast address.

Notes: Dr. Annie Besant—The great orator and religious leader, for long the head of the Theosophical Society. Her activities covered a wide field—religious, political, social and educational.

Questions:

A. 1. Draw up a scout vocabulary list.

2. Give the antonyms of these words:—freedom; rapid; significance; hostile; organise; efficiency.

3. Give the verb forms of these:—imagination; execution; co-operation; gathering.

B. 1. Explain the following with reference to the context:—

(a) A scout is called upon to be, not a mere student of things as in school, but an executive pioneer tackling problems in life.

(b) The scout movement is more broad-based than the League of Nations.

2. How do you account for the rapid spread of the Scout movement?

3. What are the ideals of the movement? How are these ideals worked out?

4. Why is the movement called the Junior League of Nations?

5. "On the success of this Junior League of Nations depends very largely the efficiency of the Senior League of Nations." Why?

C. Rewrite the following sentences as directed:—

1. It is more wide-spread than any other movement. (using the other degrees of comparison).

2. In order to understand the significance of this striking phrase, let us turn for a moment to look at the League of Nations at Geneva (as a complex sentence).

3. Are the nations spending less money on armies and navies? (as a statement).

D. 1. Describe a "camp fire" you have witnessed.

2. Read an account of the League of Nations, and write a short essay on its ideals and its achievements.

Library Work:

LIFE OF LORD BADEN-POWELL (Collins)

18. SIR PATRICK GEDDES

[Introduction: *Sir Patrick was an eminent scientist, who was for some time the Professor of Sociology in Bombay. He took active interest in making Indian thought and culture known to the Western world.]*

A dreamer whose dreams were never for himself was Patrick Geddes.

He dreamed of an ordered and beautiful world, in which every house and every garden and every street in every town should be good to look upon; and, what was far better, he dreamed that every one who looked upon

them should know that they were good. His life was spent in the service of his fellow-men, but his highest hope and wish for them was that, like himself, they should seek and know things that are lovely and of good report.

A man of brilliant intellect, of a wide vision and penetrating insight, he was one of those rare beings who, with all these gifts, never seemed to miss them in others. He never condescended. Rather did he most earnestly feel and show that he believed that others only need the right opportunities to educate themselves to a higher level.

It was this that made him such an inspiring teacher. He made his students believe that they had it in them to rise to the heights of understanding in the pursuit of knowledge; and this belief was not limited to those who studied under him when he taught biology. He maintained that the ignorance of any human being was due to wrong education. Educate them aright and their minds would flower.

He was at first a professor and teacher of biology, the science of life; but he taught the science of life in a broader and all-embracing way, for all his ideals were directed to making life a better thing for his fellow-men. Botany and zoology, which he illuminated with the genius of his fertile mind, were only steps to knowledge. He wanted people to learn how to live. It was this desire which made him a pioneer and a crusader in so many social schemes for the improvement of the conditions of the poor. It led him to town-planning and country planning in places so wide apart as his native Edinburgh and New York, Dunfermline and Dublin, Hyderabad and Jerusalem.

It gave him the idea of raising the Outlook Tower on the Castle Hill in Edinburgh which was a centre for the collection of surveys of the country and of all that

was worth preserving in its history. He wished to record the countryside and its memories as the best way of preserving them.

It is of Patrick Geddes surveying the world from his Outlook Tower that we like to think. From that height, like an astronomer in his observatory, he saw visions and looked upward to the stars. Yet no one could think of him as having his head in the clouds. He was a practical organiser who lacked nothing but the power of making money.

Without it he contrived to set going more than one valuable scheme, such as University Hostels, which will always keep him in grateful memory. He had a share in the University Hostel for Women at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, which receives residents from all over the world.

It was characteristic of Patrick Geddes, who did things but never advertised them, that he should have passed away as unostentatiously as he had lived at the International Scottish College at Montpellier, which was his latest venture and hope. There he had been living in the midst of his experiment for some time. He came home a little time ago to receive the honour of knighthood. We are glad that he received it, for there never was a truer knight of the Round Table of nobility and service.

—THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

—Reprinted by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.

Notes: Knights of the Round Table:—King Arthur and his Knights. They devoted their lives to uphold right against wrong, to fight for the weak against the strong.

Questions:

A. 1. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences:—vision; condescended; to have one's head in the clouds; in grateful memory; unostentatiously.

2. Pick out the adjectives in the following sentence and comment on their appropriateness:—

A man of brilliant intellect, of a wide vision and penetrating insight, he was one of those rare beings who never seemed to miss them in others.

B. 1. Pick out four sentences that strike you as beautiful.

2. Reproduce these sentences in your own words.

(a) He made his students believe that they had it in them to rise to the heights of understanding in the pursuit of knowledge.

(b) He taught the science of life in a broader and all-embracing way.

(c) From that height, he saw visions and looked upward to the stars.

3. What made Sir Patrick Geddes an inspiring teacher?

4. Give an account of his activities.

5. Why is he called the Knight of the Round Table of nobility and service?

C. Analyse the first sentence in the last para into clauses, and state the nature and construction of each clause.

D. Read an account of the life of Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, and write an estimate of his character and work.

19. THE GENTLEMAN

[**Introduction:** *John Henry Newman was born in 1807, and when at Oxford as an under-graduate he took an active part in the religious discussion of the time. Gradually his views inclined towards Roman Catholicism and he became a convert to it. He died in 1890 as a celebrated disciple of the Catholic Church.*]

It is almost a definition of a gentleman, to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—ail-clashing of opinion, or collusion of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

—J. H. NEWMAN

Questions:

A. 1. Use these words and idioms in your own sentences:—refined; unembarrassed; initiative; restraint; resentment; to guard against; to make light of; no ears for; in like manner.

2. Give the noun forms of:—refined; accurate; occupied; removing; concur; avoid; irritate; interfere; wearisome.

3. Give the verb forms of:—definition; movement; arrangement; restraint; suspicion.

B. Reproduce the passage in your own words.

C. Parse the italicised words in the following:

1. He is *scrupulous* in imputing motives.

2. He is mainly occupied in *merely removing* the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of *those* about him.

D. Quote a poem which gives the definition of a gentleman.

20. ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

[Introduction:] *Abraham Lincoln inspired Walt Whitman to write a poem, while the English have set up his statue in the Parliament Square at Westminster. Lincoln was an apostle of democracy, a champion of the slave.*

Lincoln was an American, born in 1809. He started life as a lawyer, and was elected President of the United States in 1861.

His election is historic; it became the signal for a civil war in the United States. Lincoln was a staunch

supporter of the abolition of slavery, though it was no part of his policy to force abolition on the slave-owning States of the south. But on his election the southern States seceded from the union in a pique, and the northern States waged war to force them back into it. The war lasted four years; Lincoln led the north to triumph; but soon after the victory, he was murdered in a theatre.

One of the northern victories in the war was at Gettysburg in 1863, and Lincoln visited the historic site and made a speech in honour of the fallen. This speech is given below.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they

gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the Earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN at GETTYSBURG

Notes: 1. Fourscore and seven years ago—The English colonies in America rebelled against England, and issued the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

Questions:

A. Use these words in your own sentences:—
dedicate; consecrate; proposition; devotion.

B. 1. "In a large sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground." Explain the meaning, and state the reason why they could not do so.

2. Reproduce the speech in your own words.

3. Was the speech appropriate to the occasion?

C. Analyse the last para into clauses, and state the nature and construction of each clause.

D. Write out a speech appropriate to the anniversary of the death of a national hero.

Library Work:

Thayer : ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Oxford University Press).

1. LIFE MAY PERFECT BE

[Introduction: *In the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, England had a brilliant set of literary men. Shakespeare outshines them all; but among the rest the most notable is Ben Jonson.*

He was born about 1573, and was brought up to be a builder. But this calling he gave up, and turned to the stage as actor and play-wright. He succeeded very well in his new profession. His plays were applauded by the people, and staged even for the entertainments at the Court. James I made him the Poet Laureate. His health began to fail from about 1626, and he died in 1637.

In addition to his plays, Jonson wrote some fine poems. The poem given below is on a well-worn theme, but Jonson's treatment of it is wonderfully happy.]

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light!
 In small proportions we just beauties see:
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Notes: 'It is not growing like a tree'. Turns of expression like this are called Figures of Speech. The figure used here is said to be a Simile.

Compare this with "A man is not a tree to be satisfied only with physical growth."

Both are comparisons and have the same sense. But what is the difference between the two? The first is a direct comparison and is called a Simile; the second is indirect and is called a Metaphor.

Questions:

1. Give, in one sentence, the main idea of the poem.
2. How does the poet illustrate his theme?
3. Paraphrase the poem.

Hints:

Read the poem carefully; make out the main theme, and then the several examples and arguments used to develop it; and express, in your own words, each thought that you find in the poem, as though you are explaining it to another; that is to say, follow as closely as possible the original order of development and bring out the significance of comparisons and allusions.

The paraphrase, however, should be a connected whole, and not very much in excess of the original.

2. THE SHIP-WRECK

[Introduction: Among English poets Lord Byron has the rare distinction of being a noble by birth. He was born in 1788, succeeded to the title when he was only ten and took his seat in the House of Lords in 1809.

In his habits he was extremely erratic. There is the story that he kept bulldogs and a bear cub in his rooms at Cambridge. And when he married in 1815, his reckless ways led to a separation in about a year.

But his gifts for poetry were admirable. He published his first volume when he was nineteen, and as an idler he called the book "Hours of Idleness". It was after 1816, however, that he wrote his best poems—Don Juan, Childe Harold and Isles of Greece, and won for himself very great reputation in Europe. In 1824 he died, as adventurously as he had lived, fighting for Greece in her war of independence.

The poem given below illustrates his power for vivid description.]

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail;
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim, desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars;
 For yet they strove, although of no great use:
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
 The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews,
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave,—
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate the grave;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And tries to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

—*Lord Byron: DON JUAN*

Notes: 1. Dimly darkled—"darkled" is an archaic word which means "darkened".

Note that the words begin with the same sound 'd'. They are therefore said to contain a figure of speech known as Alliteration. Some examples of this figure of speech are:—silvery sea; silent still.

Questions:

1. Explain how the epithets used in the following are appropriate:—

hopeless eyes; faces pale; struggling stars; the wild farewell; dreadful yell; universal shriek; echoing thunder; remorseless dash of billows; convulsive splash.

2. Pick out, from the poem, the groups of words which are examples of alliteration.

3. Veil; vale;—These words are pronounced alike but spelt differently. Give some examples of like nature.

4. Below are given some groups of words pronounced alike or nearly so but differing in spelling and meaning; explain the difference in their meaning:—

Alter, altar; ascent, assent; bark, barque; baron, barren; beach, beech; bury, berry; caste, cast; cellar, seller;

check, cheque; course, coarse; council, counsel; faint, feint; isle, aisle; key, quay; peak, pique; rap, wrap; ring, wring, serf, surf; shear sheer; stationery, stationary; wear, ware; write, rite, right.

5. Pick out from the poem the nouns which can be used as verbs too.

6. Reproduce the poem in your own words.

Hints:

Proceed as in paraphrase. Here, however, you have greater freedom to rearrange or omit the ideas of the original.

Library Work:

Longfellow: *THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS*

3. TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW

[**Introduction:** Christina Rossetti and her more celebrated brother, D. G. Rossetti, were the children of distinguished Italian parents. The father had been banished from Italy for his political views, and coming to England became Professor of Italian in King's College, London; the mother was an Italian lady fond of literature.

Christina was born in 1830, and before she was eleven she wrote some verses. All her life she devoted herself to poetry and the new movement in art started by her brother. She would often write to the journal founded by her brother, and some of her poetry was published in the same journal. Her health was always delicate, and she died after a prolonged illness in 1894.

She was deeply religious, and her attitude to life is reflected in her poetry.]

Who knows? God knows: and what He knows
Is well and best.

The darkness hideth not from Him, but glows
Clear as the morning or the evening rose
Of east or west.

Wherefore man's strength is to sit still:
Not wasting care
To antedate to-morrow's good or ill;
Yet watching meekly, watching with good will,
Watching to prayer.

Some rising or some setting ray
From east or west,
If not to-day, why then another day
Will light each dove upon the homeward way
Safe to her nest.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

Questions:

1. Why should you "take no thought for the morrow"?
2. What attitude are you to take towards your future?
3. Why should you do so?

Library work:

Longfellow: THE RAINY DAY

4. THE FORCED RECRUIT

[Introduction: *Mrs. Browning's life-story has an element of the fairy tale in it. Her gifts, her injury, her marriage, have all a touch of romance about them.*

She was born in 1806, and she had, by her fourteenth year, written a long epic poem. The next year, poor Elizabeth had a fall from her pony and injured her spine for life. For years she was confined to her room, moving only from the cot to the sofa. They were "the sweet, sad years, the melancholy years" of her life.

Then Robert Browning came into her life. One day he had come to thank her for her appreciation of his poetry. An attachment grew up between the two, and Browning married her in spite of her injury and her father's opposition. The two left for Florence, where her health improved markedly. They lived here, very happily, till her death in 1861.

As a poet Mrs. Browning took up numerous themes—Greek history and legend, love and liberty, and social problems. And her poems on social evils, like "The Cry of the Children" became a strong force in the social movements of the day. The poem given below relates an incident in the battle of Solferino, and is meant to be a tribute to Italian patriotism.]

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
 He died with his face to you all;
 Yet bury him here where around him
 You honour your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
 He lies shot to death in his youth,
 With a smile on his lips, over-tender
 For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
 Though alien the cloth on his breast,
 Underneath it how seldom a greater
 Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
 To march with them, stand in their file,
 His musket (see) never was loaded,
 He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
 He yearned to your patriot bands;—
 'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
 If not in your ranks, by your hands!

'Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
 A ball in the body which may
 Deliver my heart here, and tear me
 This badge of the Austrian away!'

So thought he, so died he this morning.
 What then? many others have died.
 Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
 The death-stroke, who fought side by side:—

One tricolor floating above them;
 Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
 Of an Italy rescued to love them
 And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honour,
 There, shamed in his country's regard,
 With the tyrants who march in upon her,
 Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
 Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
 With most filial obedience, conviction,
 His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it.

While digging a grave for him here:

The others who died, says your poet,

Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Questions:

A. Complete the following sentences; the words in brackets will help you:—

1. He yearned to join your ranks as eagerly as
..... (orphans—mothers).
2. He asked them to (aim, fire, ball).
3. It is easy for men to die scorning the death-
stroke when (side by side, tricolour, ac-
claims, brass, names).

B. Answer the following questions, and arrange the answers to form a connected paragraph:—

1. Between whom was the battle fought?
2. Did the Italian in the Austrian army wish to
fight against his countrymen?
3. What did he do when he was goaded to fight?
4. What happened to him as a result?

C. Explain with reference to the context:—

1. No stranger, and yet not a traitor.
2. Died faithful and passive.
3. 'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

5. THE PALANQUIN-BEARERS

[**Introduction:** *Mrs. Naidu is a prominent figure in Indian politics. She is a Bengali by birth—one of the distinguished children of Agorenath Chattopadhyaya. But as she married Major Naidu, she is known by her present name. She was born in 1879.*

She is essentially a poet. Even her speeches have an imaginative glow and a ring of poetry. As a poet she takes up Indian themes—the lotus, mango flowers and the like. Here is one such theme treated deftly.]

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,
 She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
 She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
 She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
 Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.
 Softly, O softly we bear her along,
 She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;
 She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
 She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
 Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

—Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

--Re-printed by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann

Questions:

1. Point out the difference in the movements suggested by:—

sway; skim; hang; spring; fall.

2. To what are the several movements of the palanquin compared? Are the comparisons appropriate?

3. "We bear her along like a pearl on a string."

What do the bearers mean by this?

4. Learn the poem by heart.

6. AHAB MOHAMMED

[Introduction: This is one of the beautiful eastern tales, so often the inspiration of English poets, treated by an American poet, James Matthew Legare].

A peasant stood before a king, and said:
 "My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
 On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
 The king, and looked on him that prayed and
 moaned,
 Who cried again: "For bread I come to thee!"
 For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
 Then said the prince with simple truth; "Behold,
 I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
 And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
 To fitly grace the banquet of a king,
 But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
 And die for food my people in the streets.
 Yet no good father hears his child complain
 And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.

Come, thou and I will sup together—come!"
 The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were dumb!
 Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
 With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his
 bread.

Him, half-abashed, the royal host withdrew
 Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
 Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
 In marble life the statues stood disposed;
 From the high ceiling, perfume-breathing, hung
 Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung,
 Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
 Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
 These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
 If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
 Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand took
 Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:

One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
 The other gladly to his guest he gave.
 "I have no more to give," he cheerily said;
 "With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
 Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb,
 Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
 Then lifts his eyes. The wondering Ahab saw
 His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
 Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
 All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.
 "Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
 "From this thou shalt be blessed among men.
 Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
 And Allah thanks thy people on their knees.
 He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
 Of him the Recording Angel shall take heed.
 But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
 His deeds are more to God, yea, more than finest
 gold!"

—*James Matthew Legare*

Notes:

1. Mede—The Persian.
2. The Recording angel—The angel who records the good and bad deeds of men.

Questions:

1. How are the following described?
 cushions; lamps; board; the vision.
2. Use these in your own sentences:—to give stones for bread; yearning; resplendent; bewildered.
3. Write a paragraph on the idea contained in the last two lines of the poem, and conclude the paragraph with these lines from Coleridge:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small."

4. Write the story in your own words.

Library Work:

Leigh Hunt: ABU BEN ADHEM

7. LOCH INE

[Introduction: This is an anonymous poem, but very charming with its wistful love for Nature and its very musical verse.]

I know a lake where the cool waves break,
 And softly fall on the silver sand—
 And no steps intrude on that solitude,
 And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand..

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old
 Turned to stone by some magic spell,
 Uprears in might his misty height,
 And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
 And its verdure shames the emerald's green—
 On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
 A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
 In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
 And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
 Were hung, when the owners in sleep reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
 His lordly tower a shepherd's pen,
 His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
 Would rise, with anger and shame again.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
 Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave—
 But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
 Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathed cells,
 Make music on the silent shore,
 As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
 Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea weed shines, like the hidden mines,
 Or the fairy cities beneath the sea;
 And the wave-washed stones are bright as the
 thrones:
 Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
 To live for ever, and dream 'twere mine,
 Courts might woo, and Kings pursue,
 Ere I would leave thee—loved Loch Ine.

—Anon

Questions:

1. Why are the epithets in the following appropriate? cool waves; silver sand; misty height; craggy sides; ruined pride; fragrant breathings.

2. Give examples, from the poem, of Simile and Alliteration.

3. "If it were my lot in that fairy spot
 To live for ever, and dream 'twere mine,
 Courts might woo, and Kings pursue,
 Ere I would leave thee—loved Loch Ine."

Why?

Library Work:

Tom Moore: *THE MEETING OF THE WATERS*

8. FIDELITY

[**Introduction:** *“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.”*

These charming lines are typical of Wordsworth. He is one of the finest of English nature-poets and set the fashion for the nature-poetry of his day. William Wordsworth was born in 1770. Early in life he decided to be a poet, and a poet of nature, and lived in that most beautiful part of England known as the Lake District. He was very simple in his habits, writing at a desk rather than at a table, and wrote of the humble folks, the charming scenery and the touching traditions of the country around.

At first his poetry was not popular. Many people said it was very simple, and mostly about birds and flowers and humble folks. Gradually, however, his fame grew and spread and late in life, in 1846, he was appointed Poet Laureate. He died in 1850.

The poem given is one of Wordsworth's favourite topics, namely the relations between man and animal, and is one of the finest on the fidelity of the dog.]

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eye
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy,
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear:
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below;
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere;
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud
 And mists that spread the flying shroud,
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
 That if it could would hurry past;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
 The shepherd stood; then makes his way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
 As quickly as he may;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground:
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The man had fallen, that place of fear
 At length upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear:

He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed that way.

But hear a wonder for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished there through that long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.

—*Wordsworth*

Notes: 1. Helvellyn—A mountain in Cumberland.

Questions:

1. The barking dog—The dog barks; the horse neighs; the snake hisses; the cat mews; the ass brays. Above are given the names of some animals and the words used to indicate the characteristic cry of each.

In like manner, write down the word used to express the sound each of the following makes:—

Apes—; bees—; beetles—; bulls—; cocks—;
doves—; frogs—; hyenas—; monkeys—; sheep—;
swallows—; geese—; ducks—.

2. Use these words in your own sentences:—
unusual; symphony; enormous; austere; lamentable;
sublime.

3. Parse the italicised words:

- (a) A cry *as* of a dog or fox.
- (b) The dog is not of *mountain* breed.
- (c) *What* is the creature doing there?
- (d) *Who* he was and *whence* he came.

Expand the following outlines into a connected narrative:—

Master and dog in Helvellyn—master falls down a rocky precipice and is killed—dog remains beside its master—a shepherd in the neighbourhood of the accident—the dog's bark takes him to the fatal spot—The human skeleton found—All is clear to the shepherd.

Library Work:

Spenser: BETH GELERT

9. MEN OF ENGLAND

[**Introduction:** *Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was a Scotsman born in Glasgow. Even from his University days, he tried his hand at poetry. The Wars of the French Revolution inspired him to write the most spirited and the best of his songs. One of them is the poem given below.*]

Men of England who inherit!
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood;—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
 Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where do public virtues bloom?
 What avail, in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breast of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny;—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthright—so will we!

—Campbell.

Notes: 1. Who inherit rights that cost their sires their blood—Englishmen secured their liberties only after a long and hard struggle, the most momentous phase of which was the Civil War of the Seventeenth century.

2. HAMPDEN:

John Hampden was the great champion of popular liberty against the arbitrary rule of Charles I. He died

fighting for the Parliament at the battle of Chalgrove in 1643.

3. RUSSELL:

Lord William Russell was a prominent, high-principled Whig leader who supported the Exclusion Bill. In 1683, he was executed for treason on very flimsy evidence. So he was regarded as a martyr for the popular cause.

4. SIR PHILIP SYDNEY:

A chivalrous soldier and an eminent literary man of the Elizabethan age. He died at the battle of Zutphen fighting in support of the Dutch in their war of liberation against Philip II of Spain. On the battlefield, when he was dying, he was about to drink a cup of water; but seeing that another dying soldier was thirsting for water, he passed on the cup to him saying, "Your need is greater than mine."

5. AGINCOURT:

The famous English victory of 1415 won by Henry V against heavy odds.

6. Crowned and Mitred tyranny—tyranny of the King and the bishop, particularly under Charles I and Archbishop Laud.

Questions:

1. Explain these expressions:—
fruitless wreaths; trophied temples; freedom's holy cause; heroic story; crowned and mitred tyranny.

2. undegenerate; uncounted—Give four words with the prefix "un", and state how it changes the meaning of the words.

3. Which is the suffix in these words?
fruitless; matchless. Give six words with the same
suffix.

4. Write a para on the theme of the poem.
Library Work:

—Lowell: *FREEDOM* (poem)

10. THE SCHOOLMASTER

[**Introduction:** Oliver Goldsmith (1727-1774) an Irishman by birth, came to London as a young man of twenty-eight to make a living as best as he could. At first he did some compiling work for book-sellers, but in the end he rose to be a reputed author. He was a versatile writer. He wrote a very good novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, some fine poems, and a comedy very popular at the time. But as he was always thriftless he was never above want.

The passage given below is an extract from his “*Deserted Village*” wherein Goldsmith laments the decay of a village which he calls “Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain”. Yet along with much that is sad, Goldsmith gives us amusing sketches of rural life and village notabilities, that make his “Sweet Auburn” all the sweeter. The village of the poem may be his native village of Lissoy in Ireland; and Goldsmith’s schoolmaster, a retired soldier, who was not a success as a teacher, may be the schoolmaster here described.]

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day’s disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

—*Goldsmith: THE DESERTED VILLAGE*

Questions:

1. What do the epithets in the following suggest:—noisy mansion; boding tremblers; counterfeited glee; dismal tidings; gazing rustics.

2. I knew him well, and every truant knew—What reason had they to know him well?

3. What weakness of this schoolmaster would make you laugh at him in your sleeves?

4. Give some examples of “words of learned length and thundering sound.”

5. Write a humorous sketch of a classmate of yours.

6. Read the poem, “Mrs. Blaze” by Goldsmith, and reproduce it in your own words, retaining the humour of the original.

Library Work:

Goldsmith:

1. *THE MAD DOG*

2. *THE DESERTED VILLAGE*

11. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

[Introduction: This poem was written in 1833 when Newman was returning from a tour in Southern Europe. For some time past his religious convictions had been in a flux; he was changing from a free-thinker to a Catholic.]

The change had brought on a mental conflict between the old attitude and the new, and the tour heightened the conflict as it inclined him more towards Catholicism. So in his perplexity he is praying for light.]

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene: one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—J. H. Newman

Questions:

A. Explain with reference to the context:—

1. The night is dark.

2. I am far from home.

3. I was not even thus.

B. Give the paraphrase of the poem.

Library Work:

Tagore: *THE PRAYER* (*The Gitanjali*)

William Blake: *THE CHILD'S PRAYER*

Hymn: *ABIDE WITH ME*

12. ALAS! ALAS FOR CELIN!

[**Introduction:** John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854) is known as the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. But by profession he was an editor, and as such earned his nickname of "the scorpion" on account of his stinging criticism. Educated at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford, he became a barrister at Edinburgh. In 1825 he became the editor of a review known as the "Quarterly", and held the office almost for the rest of his life.]

Lockhart knew some of the continental languages, and translated some Spanish ballads one of which is given below. It treats of the death of a Granadian knight and the mourning that followed it. Granada in Southern Spain was under the Moors or Muhammadans in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries.]

I

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of
woe!—

“What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come
these bewailing?”
“A tower is fallen! A star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!”

II

Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide
the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow
porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming
torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,—
For all have heard the misery,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”

III

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting,—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight
to share:
But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
For he was Granada's darling knight,—“Alas! alas for
Celin!”

IV

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their
doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless
bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—“Alas! alas for
Celin!”

V

O, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them
all!

His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished
mail;

And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their
wailing,—

Its sound is like no earthly sound,—“Alas! alas for
Celin!”

VI

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor
stands at his door;

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping
sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black
they strew—

Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and
blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the
loud bewailing,

From door and lattice, high and low,—“Alas! alas for
Celin!”

VII

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the
people cry,—

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glaze'd eye;

'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed
him long ago;

She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well
shall know!

With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her
ears receive their wailing,—

“Let me kiss my Celin, ere I die!—Alas! alas for Celin!”

—John Gibson Lockhart

Notes: 1. Granada—a city in Spain; under the Moors, it was a great trading city and a seat of art and learning.

2. Bencerrage's blood—descendant of the Moorish chief, Bencerrage.

Questions:

1. How does the poet create the impression that Celin was "Granada's darling Knight"?

2. What expressions suggest that there was universal sorrow felt at his death?

3. Parse the italicised words:—

(a) *Alas*, *alas* for Celin.

(b) The flower of all *Granada's* youth, the *loveliest* of them all.

(c) The crust of bread lies *black* and dim.

Library Work:

Walt Whitman: *O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN*

13. WEST LONDON

[Introduction: Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby. Born in 1822, he was educated at Rugby and Oxford. At first he was an assistant master at Rugby and was then appointed an Inspector of Schools.

He first published his poems anonymously, calling himself "A". This was in 1849, and in about the next twenty years other poems were published at intervals. And then he became occupied with prose and educational problems. He died suddenly of heart-failure in 1888.

In whatever he wrote he showed a deep concern for the difficulties of the poor. As an educationist he influenced public opinion to demand more and better schools for the people.

In the poem given below, he is dramatising the lack of sympathy in the relations between the rich and the poor.]

Crouched on the pavement close by

Belgrave Square

A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied;

A babe was in her arms, and at her side

A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

Some labouring men, whose work lay somewhere there,

Passed opposite; she touched her girl, who hied

Across, and begged, and came back satisfied.

The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

Thought I: "Above her state this spirit towers;

She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,

Of sharers in a common human fate.

"She turns from that cold succour, which attends

The unknown little from the unknowing great,

And points us to a better time than ours."

—Matthew Arnold

Notes: Belgrave Square—A part of London.

Questions:

1. How is the tramp described?
2. Why did she let the rich pass with a "frozen stare"?
3. What spirit "towers" above her state?
4. Write two paras, one on the tramp and what she did, and the other on the poet's reflections.
5. Which part of the poem speaks of the tramp and which part of it records the poet's reflections?
6. Which of the lines rhyme with one another?

14. LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

[**Introduction:** *The Birkenhead* was a war steamer sailing for Algoa Bay with about 600 persons, including the crew, the soldiers in transit, and their wives and children. Lt. Col. Seton was the chief officer commanding the soldiers. The ship was wrecked off the African coast, with no hope of rescue. But under Lt. Col. Seton's instructions, the soldiers abstained from rushing into the life-boats, leaving them free for the use of women and children. So the women and the children were saved, but the men faced death without a murmur.

It is an instance of the discipline shown by British sailors and soldiers in times of danger, and the poet pays it a tribute.]

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them
pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
 The sea turn'd one clear smile! Like things asleep
 Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
 As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
 Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
 Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one:—he was, thanks God,
 No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
 That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
 On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
 To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
 With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
 Into mean safety, maen deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
 The oars ply back again, and yet again;
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
 Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
 As others under turf.

—*Sir F. H. Doyle*

Questions:

1. Justify the use of the epithets in the following:—the crimson sun; the deep sea; dark repose; wild shriek; the stout ship; base cowards.

2. Repass—Give six words with the prefix “re”; what change in meaning is brought about by it?

3. Pick out from the poem two examples of Simile and point out how the comparison in each case is appropriate.

4. How was the “Birkenhead” wrecked?

5. How did the people on board the ship behave under the trying circumstances?

6. Write the description of a ship on fire and its aftermath.

Library Work:

Cowper: LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

15. VISION OF THE FUTURE.

[Introduction:] Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809. By twelfth year he had written a long poem. In 1829 he was sent to Cambridge where he won the most coveted medal for English poetry. On his return, he did not desire to take up any profession, but went on writing, and revising what he had written.

In 1850 came the “In Memoriam”—and fame. The same year Wordsworth died, and Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate. Then other honours followed, crowned by a peerage in 1883. He died in 1892 and was buried in great pomp in the Westminster Abbey.

He was the most popular poet of his day because his themes, which were never abstruse, appealed to the people, and the charm of his verse cast a spell on them. And for these very reasons he is sure to remain among the great poets of England.

Here is a short extract which illustrates the magic of his verse and the sweep of his imagination. It prophesies the birth of the aeroplane and the League of Nations—prophecies which have come true.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that
 would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
 sails,
Pilots of purple twilight, dropping down with costly
 bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
 ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
 blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind
 rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the
 thunder-storm;
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle
 flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
 realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

—*Tennyson: LOCKSLEY HALL*

Notes: 1. Argosies—ships so called after the famous ship “Argo” in which the mythical hero Jason and his friends sailed away to Colchis to bring the golden fleece; “argosies of magic sails” are, however, aeroplanes.

2. a ghastly deed—blood dropping from the sky as a result of aerial warfare.

3. Federation of the World—a common assembly of the Powers of the world to settle their disputes and work for the common good.

Questions:

1. Whom do you call a man of vision? Is he a visionary?
 2. "Saw the vision of the World". What vision did the poet see?
 3. Explain the last two lines of the extract.
 4. Write a note on how far the poet's vision is now realised.
-

16. IPHIGENEIA'S APPEAL TO HER FATHER

[Introduction: *Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) is better known as a prose writer than as a poet, especially as the author of "Imaginary Conversations." But he started as a poet like many other contemporaries of his.*

Landor was a self-willed, tempestuous boy, and was expelled from Rugby for misbehaviour. And later, when at Oxford, he was debarred from the university for five years for shooting a gun in the room of a fellow student. When he inherited his father's estate he wasted most of it on mad ventures. In 1806 he enlisted a few volunteers at his own expense and went to Spain in order to help the Spaniards to overthrow Napoleon's rule. He spent much of his later life on the Continent, travelling from place to place and writing much in the meantime. Finally he settled down at Florence, where he died.

For all his faults, Landor was a good, loveable man, as all his friends recognised. And as a poet he shines best when he treats Greek legends. Here he has taken an incident from the old story of the Trojan War. The Greek fleet bound for Troy was becalmed at Aulis. The Greeks in their difficulty consulted the gods and received the reply that a favourable wind would be sent, if

Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek army would sacrifice his daughter Iphigeneia. Agamemnon, though a kind father, prepared to sacrifice her. The princess pleads that she may be spared from her terrible fate.]

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
 At Aulis, and when all beside the King
 Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
 'O father! I am young and very happy.
 I do not think the pious Calchas heard
 Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
 Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
 My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
 While I was resting on her knee both arms
 And hitting it to make her mind my words,
 And looking in her face, and she in mine,
 Might he not also hear one word amiss,
 Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?'
 The father placed his cheek upon her head,
 And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
 Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more
 'O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou **not**
 Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
 Listened to fondly, and awakened me
 To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
 When it was inarticulate as theirs,
 And the down deadened it within the nest?'
 He moved her gently from him, silent still,
 And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
 Although she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
 'I thought to have laid down my hair before
 Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
 Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
 I thought to have selected the white flowers
 To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
 By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
 Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
 I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;

And (after those who mind us girls the most)
 Adore our own Athena, that she would
 Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
 But, father! to see you no more, and see
 Your love, O father! go ere I am gone'
 Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
 Bending his lofty head far over hers,
 And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
 He turned away; not far, but silent still.
 She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
 So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
 And like it. Once again she raised her voice.
 'O father! if the ships are now detained,
 And all your vows move not the Gods above,
 When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
 The less to them; and purer can there be
 Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
 For her dear father's safety and success?'
 A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
 An aged man now entered, and without
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
 Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried
 'O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.'

—Walter Savage Landor

Notes: 1. Olympus—The abode of Greek gods and goddesses of whom Artemis was one.

2. Artemis—the deity presiding over human birth and motherhood.

3. The Nymphs—Attendants of Artemis.

4. Hymen—God of marriage.

5. Athena—The Greek goddess of wisdom.

Questions:

A. Fill in the blanks:—

Masculine gender.

Feminine gender.

1. Priest

—

2. —

Goddess.

3. —

Maiden.

Pick out examples of the common and neuter genders from this poem.

B. Pick out examples of alliteration, and state what effect it produces.

C. Explain with reference to the context:—

1. Old age obscures the senses.

2. I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis and not have dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood.

D. "A groan that shook him shook not his resolve". Why did the groan shake him? Why did it not shake his "resolve"?

E. Iphigeneia appeals to her father in several ways; each time the father is touched, but is not shaken in his determination.

Mention the various appeals made by Iphigeneia, and pick out the line or lines in the poem indicating the father's attitude.

Library Work:

*Shakespeare: JULIUS CAESAR: MARK ANTONY'S
SPEECH*

17. BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW

[**Introduction:** This is a song from "The Princess", a long poem by Tennyson. The story of the Princess is supposed to be narrated by a story-teller, but when he pauses for breath, the listeners are to sing a song.

This is one such song. It is composed in the style of an old song, and it is as musical but not quite so simple as an old song. It pictures up a beautiful scene with much that is pleasing to the ear and the eye—the old castle lighted up by the setting sun, and the echoes from the cataract and the hills. But towards the end the poet touches upon love and human relations in general].

The splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,

And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:

Blow bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—Lord Tennyson: *THE PRINCESS*

Questions:

1. Snowy summits; long light—Of what figure of speech are these the examples?

2. Explain these lines:—

Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and ever.

3. A line repeated again and again at the end of a stanza is called the refrain.

Which is the refrain in this song? Why is it used?

Library Work:

Shakespeare : BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

18. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

[Introduction:] Among the English poets of the last century, Robert Browning is in a class by himself. His verse is rugged, and his thoughts rather subtle. So it was a long time before people began to like his poetry and consider him as a great poet.

But he was very fortunate in having parents who encouraged his ambitions. His father was a banker, but was writing poetry as a hobby; and his mother was very fond of music. Robert was their only son, born in 1812. And when the time came for Browning to choose a career and he said he would be a poet, the parents consented very gladly. And then he married in romantic circumstances, and went to live in Italy. And only after his wife's death in 1861 he returned to England.

Browning felt the loss of his wife very keenly, but increasing reputation soothed his grief a little. People in England were now reading and appreciating Browning more and more, and he became a prominent figure in London society till his death in 1889.

Here is given one of his simpler poems—a very thrilling tale. Some important news has to be carried nearly a hundred miles from Ghent (Belgium) to Aix (Germany), and this has to be done in one night. So the messengers have to ride at breathless speed. Both the narration and the metre aid to heighten the excitement of the incident. The story, however, has no historical basis.]

I

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three
‘Good speed!’ cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
‘Speed!’ echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace;
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

’Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear,
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, ‘Yet there is time!’

IV

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one.

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon.
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, 'Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh.
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

VIII

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for eye-sockets' rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

—*Robert Browning.*

Notes: 1. Pique—the peak, the front part of the saddle.

2. The half-chime—the striking of the half-hour..

Questions:

1. What words and actions suggest that the riders were in great hurry?

2. Stout, watch, crew—What do these words mean in this poem? What do they ordinarily mean? Give sentences to explain the difference in meaning.

3. Suggest phrases similar to:—
 neck by neck, stride by stride.

4. Pick out from the poem the words denoting the things used in riding. State how some of these things are used to make the horse put on speed.

5. Use the following in your own sentences:—
a whit; to roll neck and croup over; to lie dead as a stone; to bear the whole weight of; without peer; by common consent; one's due.

6. Give examples of the use, in this poem, of
(a) alliteration; (b) inversion; (c) Simile and (d) sentences with the subject and the verb omitted.

7. Expand the following outlines into a connected account:—Anxiety in Aix—Messenger from Ghent awaited—Messenger sighted—Description of rider and horse—welcome news—Thanksgiving.

Library Work:

Procter: A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

19. THE DAFFODILS

[Introduction: *This poem beautifully expresses what a joy it was for Wordsworth to see a bank of daffodils, and how lasting was that joy. It is a fine illustration of his intimate kinship with nature.*

The daffodils which inspired him grew in a meadow by the side of the lovely lake of Ullswater.]

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company!
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

—W. Wordsworth

Notes: 1. Lonely as a cloud—The poet was alone and wandering aimlessly.

2. The Milky Way—a long track of small stars stretching across the sky.

3. The inward eye—the power of the mind to recall things seen before.

Questions:

1. What do the italicised words suggest:—
 a *host* of daffodils; in *sprightly* dance; *jocund* company;
sparkling waves.

2. What do these expressions mean?
 in never-ending line; vacant or pensive mood; the bliss
 of solitude.

3. Out-did—What does the word mean? Point
 out the significance of “out” in the following:—
 out-heroded Herod; out-run; out-wit; out-weigh; out-
 general.

4. What time of the year was it when the poet saw the daffodils? Write a description of this season and contrast it with winter, using suitable adjectives.

5. Could not but be gay—What part of speech is “but” here? What part of speech is it in each of the following:—

(a) There is no rose but has a thorn.

(b) He went there but did not meet his friend.

(c) Mark but my fall.

Give some words which can be used as more than one part of speech.

6. Give the substance of the last stanza.

7. Give the names of some English and Indian flowers.

8. “What wealth the show to me had brought.” What “wealth” does the poet refer to?

9. Describe the scene the poet saw, adding some details of your own.

Library Work:

Burns: TO THE DAISY

20. A SPRAY OF WESTERN PINE

[**Introduction:** *Francis Bret Harte was an American writer, a contemporary of Mark Twain, and a humorist too. He was born in New York in 1839, but went to live in the healthier climate of California because of his delicate health. But he settled down nowhere in particular, and wandered from place to place taking up any kind of work for a living.*

But his wandering life gave him an intimate acquaintance with the life of the poorer classes, and this he made use of in his writings. He was thus very much like Dickens whom he admired greatly, hoarding his novels about him during his wanderings. On one occasion when he was in a gold-diggers' camp, he read out to his fellow-campers the sad story of little Nell from "The Old Curiosity Shop" by Dickens, and when Dickens died in Kent, he, Bret Harte, wrote the tender poem given below as a "spray of western pine" to be laid on Dickens's grave along with "English oak and holly."]

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below;
 The dim sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that dropped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one rose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of Little Nell.

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
 Was youngest of them all;
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp with Nell on English meadows
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o’ertaken
 As by some spell divine—
 Their cares dropped from them like the needles
 shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
 And he who wrought that spell?
 Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines’ incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave, where English oak and holly
 And laurel leaves entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
 This spray of Western pine!

—*Bret Harte*

Questions:

1. What do the following mean?

minarets of snow; fierce race for wealth; scant treasure;
 a hoarded volume; listless leisure; pensive glory; pre-
 sumptuous folly.

2. Pine—Give the names of some trees growing in
 America, England and India.

3. Why did the men bear a haggard look?

4. What effect does the poet think the story had
 on men and trees?

5. Is the poem a fitting memorial to the greatness
 of Dickens?

6. What kind of poem is it called? What are these:— an epic; a ballad; a lyric; a sonnet; an ode.

7. Write two or three paras on what you may feel on hearing the death of some dear relation or friend.

Library Work:

Matthew Arnold: SONNET ON SHAKESPEARE

21. TO THE SKYLARK

[Introduction: Percy Bysshe Shelley came of an ancient family, and was born in 1792. He was a handsome boy, bright and active. One of his boyish pranks was to set fire to a haystack to see how an electric spark would work. When at Eton he read Greek and Latin with zest, and wrote some Latin verse. But school life as a whole was not to his liking. He called it tyranny. And by the time he went to Oxford he imbibed the doctrines of the French revolutionaries and developed independent opinions on life, religion, and government. He shocked the university by writing a pamphlet on the necessity to give up faith in God, and as he would not withdraw it, he was expelled. His marriage too, led to unhappy results, for on account of his unconventional opinions on married life he separated from his wife. The wife drowned herself some time after, and Shelley married again and went to Italy. Here he was very happy, enjoying himself on a yacht of his own. But one day in 1882, his yacht was caught in a gale and wrecked, and two months later his body was washed to the shore.

“The Skylark” is one of his best poems. He regards the bird as the symbol of free and joyous life.]

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know;
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—*Shelley: ODE TO A SKYLARK*

Questions:

1. "Bird thou never wert." Why does the poet say so?
2. Unpremeditated; mortals; sincere—Give the antonyms of these words.
3. Note down some beautiful expressions from the poem.
4. Explain with reference to the context:—
 - a. Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream.
 - b. We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not.
5. Quote the poem, preserving the verse form.

Library Work:

Wordsworth: TO THE CUCKOO

Barnfield: THE NIGHTINGALE

James Hogg: THE SKYLARK

22. ON HIS BLINDNESS

[**Introduction:** “This man cuts us all out, and the Ancients too”—so said Dryden, an English poet, on reading Milton’s “Paradise Lost”; and Milton’s fame has only grown with time.

John Milton was born in 1608, and his father, a man of scholarly tastes, fostered his love for literature. At sixteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he made a name for Latin verse, for he could write Latin as fluently as English.

Milton might have joined the Church, but did not as he was a staunch Puritan. On the contrary, he attacked the episcopal system and defended the execution of Charles I. This and his ability in Latin led to his appointment as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth.

It was now that his eye-sight, which was never strong, began to fail, but he continued to work. But in 1660, about the time of the Restoration, he lost both his sight and his post. And as a poor blind man he dictated his two long poems, “Paradise Lost” and “Paradise Regained”, and the drama, “Samson Agonistes”. He died in 1674.

The poem given below expresses his sublime reflections on his becoming blind. It is a sonnet, that is a poem in fourteen lines.]

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide;
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—John Milton

Questions:

1. One talent which is death to hide—Which "talent" is referred to? What has modern science done to mitigate the difficulties caused when that talent is "lodged" useless with one?

2. What question did the poet ask of himself?

What reply did he seem to receive?

3. Estimate the poet's character as revealed in the poem.

4. Explain:—They also serve who only stand and wait.

Library Work:

1. *Life of Sir Arthur Pearson*

2. *Autobiography of Helen Keller*

23. A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

[**Introduction:** John Keats was the son of an inn-keeper. He was born in 1795, and till his fourteenth year he was more interested in games and fighting than in books. "He would fight any one" said one of his school friends, and was noted for his "terrier courage." But suddenly his interests veered round, and he took to his studies with zest.

After his school course, he was apprenticed to a doctor, but his heart was in literature, and he spent all his spare time in reading. One book among all others had a profound influence on the young man. He read "*The Faerie Queene*" by Spenser; his imagination was stirred; and he set out to write on his own, giving up all thought of being a doctor.

But he was not spared long for his new career. Consumption was in the family—and one of his brothers had died of it in 1818. Keats too was attacked, and in 1821 he died in Italy where he had gone for a change.

The passage given below is an extract from his long poem "*Endymion*". Here he gives what may be called his creed, namely that all beautiful things—the sun and the moon, the trees and flowers, or even interesting tales—add to our happiness.]

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases: it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

—Keats: *ENDYMION*

Questions:

1. Pick out, from the poem, the expressions which are "a joy for ever."

2. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." How does it bring us joy?

3. "Some shape of beauty moves away the pall from our dark spirits."

What objects may move away the pall from our dark spirits? How do they do it?

How does that help us?

4. Write a precis of the poem.

5. Learn this poem by heart.

24. CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL

[Introduction:] William Shakespeare was born in 1562. He was the son of a grocer at Stratford and took to his father's business as soon as he was old enough to do so. At twenty he married and had three children. But unfortunately the business declined, and unable to pull it through, Shakespeare had to give it up. So about 1586 he went to London and joined a company of players.

For some time he was only 'to take care of visitors' horses in the playhouse. But gradually he was given a chance both to act and write, and he soon became popular. In 1592 came his first play, and in 1594 he acted before

Queen Elizabeth and won her praise. From this time onwards Shakespeare was a prosperous man, earning even more than a thousand pounds a year. But as health began to fail he retired to Stratford, and died in 1616.

Here is a scene from Shakespeare's historical play, "Henry VIII". Cardinal Wolsey was at one time a great friend and a trusted minister of King Henry. Later on Wolsey fell into disfavour at court, and was arrested for treason. Many of his former friends and followers deserted him now. It is as a hounded man that he speaks to Cromwell, one of the very few of his followers who remained true to him.]

*Cromwell. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.*

*Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman,
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee,*

*Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And prithee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey. So I have...Farewell,
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

—*Shakespeare: HENRY VIII*

Notes:

1. By that sin fell the angels—Shakespeare refers to the Biblical story in which Satan and some other angels aimed at God's throne, but were themselves hurled down from heaven.

Questions:

1. Use these words and phrases in your own sentences:—
 hearts of iron; to play the woman; fling away;
 integrity.
2. To what does Wolsey attribute his failure?
3. What is his advice to Cromwell?
4. Parse the italicised words:--
 (a) With *what* a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 (b) Mark but my fall and *that that* ruined me.
 (c) Corruption wins not *more than* honesty.

Library Work:

Shakespeare: POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON
 (*Hamlet*)

